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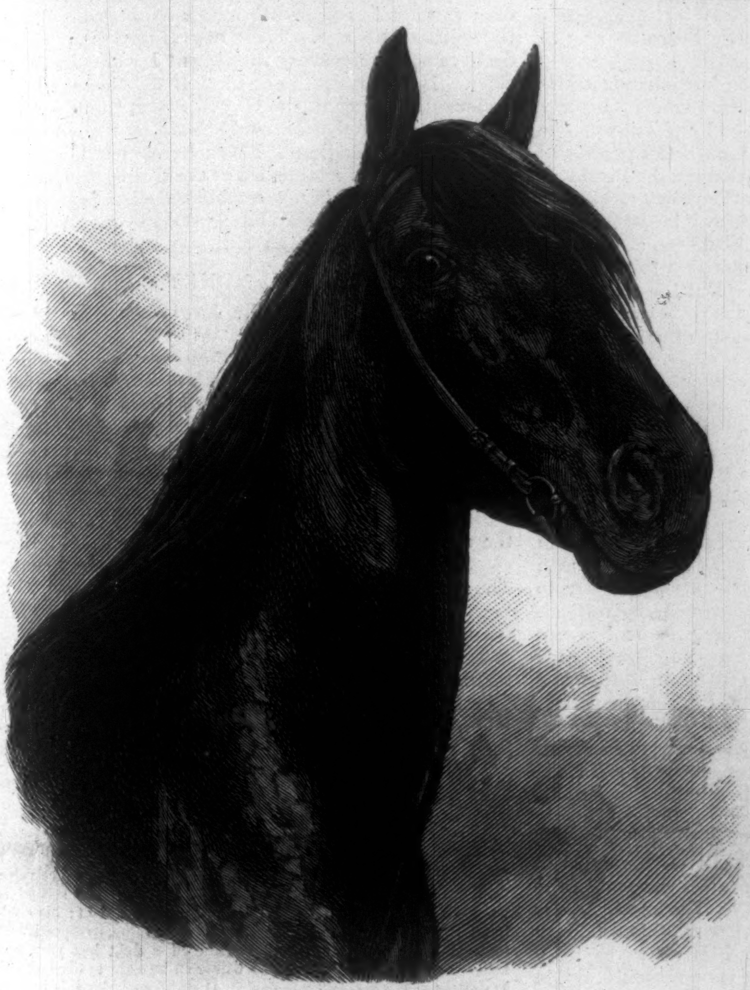

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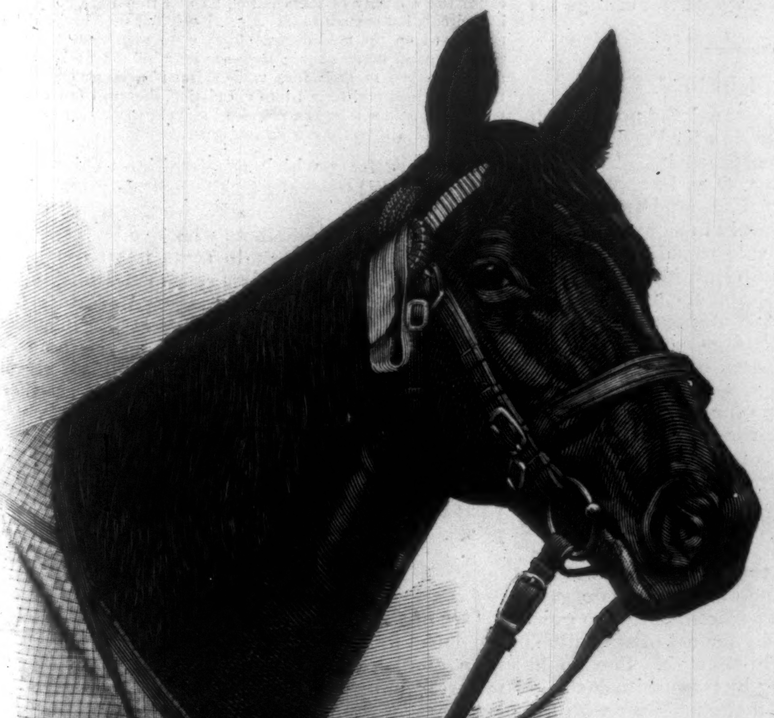

BEND OR, PRIZE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION.

RASPAIL, PRIZE NORMAN STALLION.

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW IN NEW YORK—SOME PRIZE-WINNERS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAFAYETTE W. SEAVEY.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE union of all kinds of Republicans, including the Independents, with those Democrats who could not support Mr. HILL, has not prevented Mr. HILL'S election by a large majority. The President and the two New York Secretaries voted for their party candidates, but the Administration took less part in the election than any Administration for many years. The President, indeed, voted for his party candidates, and subscribed to the party fund, but he was openly accused by Democrats of withholding all aid and real sympathy from the Democratic canvass. In declining to take an active part in the canvass, however, he adhered strictly to the principles which he has plainly announced. That the patronage was not used as has been long the practice is proved by the fact that the small post-offices throughout the State, which Mr. DWIGHT LAWRENCE says have been always a main reliance of the Republicans when in power, are largely in the hands of the Republicans still, and were, of course, of no service to the Democrats. The unnatural alliance of the Irish Catholic vote with the Republicans was this year broken. The vote in Oneida County, which gave Mr. DAVENPORT a thousand plurality against a small plurality for Mr. CLEVELAND last year, showed that there was no serious "Stalwart" defection. There was more Republican than Democratic apathy, but there were very few but strict Democratic votes cast for Mr. HILL. The explanations of the result are many and most amusing. There are, indeed, many important facts to be taken into the account. The return of the Irish Catholic vote to the Democrats apparently set off the Independent support of Mr. DAVENPORT. The Prohibition vote was very large. The mismanagement of the Republican campaign, so far as the bloody shirt is concerned, was astounding. The insistence that Mr. DAVENPORT'S success would be emphatic censure of the President was very injurious to the Republican candidate. The Republican overconfidence was absurd. The manly refusal of Mr. DAVENPORT to give specific pledges as to his official conduct if elected alienated many votes. The demonstration of eight months that Democratic administration does not mean a general collapse of the country made it easier for many to vote for Mr. HILL. Then there are many Independents who, disgusted with Republican folly, have gone over finally, and, as we think, mistakenly, to the Democrats, and still others thought that the President could not be sustained by voting for a candidate whose supporters denounced him. The *Tribune* explains, under three heads, that some voters would not support Mr. DAVENPORT because other voters did. There are many and various theories of the result. But we repeat—and it is the significant fact—there were few but Democratic votes cast for Mr. HILL.

These are the chief facts in regard to the votes. The issue was unmistakable. Mr. HILL was nominated by the Democrats who are frankly and strongly opposed to the reform policy of the President. Tammany Hall had violently denounced it, and Tammany Hall made the nomination. Moreover, the Convention was virtually unanimous in favor of Mr. HILL. The nomination was fairly made, and fairly represented the party sentiment. The Democratic newspapers declared that Mr. HILL'S defeat would be a stern rebuke of the Administration. But they were very careful not to say that his election would mean Democratic approval of the President's course. On the contrary, their actual hostility to the President was obvious at every moment of the campaign. They ardently desired the election of Mr. HILL by an unmixed and unquestionable Democratic vote, that they might claim Democratic victory as an undoubted and overwhelming condemnation of the President's reform course. Consequently and naturally the result was hailed by them as a most significant Democratic disapproval of that course. It meant, they said, honest reform as against sham reform—that is, Mr. CLEVELAND'S. It meant that true Democracy must rule—that is, another kind than Mr. CLEVELAND'S. It meant that "the Democracy" want reform—that is, a clean sweep of Republicans; but not "humbug, injustice, and ingratitude"—that is, Mr. CLEVELAND'S policy. This eager and vociferous "improvement" of the lesson of the election by these journals confirms and justifies what the Independent journals declared throughout the campaign, that the election of Mr. HILL would be a Democratic rebuke of the President. It is precisely that. The nomination was virtually unanimous. Its significance was unquestionable. It was sustained and made successful by Democratic votes alone, and the result is rightly interpreted as a decisive rebuke of the President by his own party in his own State.

The New York election, therefore, demonstrates what we have often stated, that the Democratic party is not a reform party, and that the President's course is not acceptable to it. In a month Congress will meet, and the Democratic pressure upon the President to recognize the spoils system as the policy of his party will be tremendous, re-enforced as it is by the result in New York. Had Mr. DAVENPORT been elected, the impotence of the Democratic opposition to the President would have been evident. But the election of Mr. HILL is conclusive testimony the other way. For obvious reasons, the situation is one of extreme difficulty for the President. He is a sincere Democrat, and he was the Democratic candidate. But had he received Democratic votes only, he would not have been elected. Except for his honest adhesion to reform views, and his proved sincerity, courage, and constancy in his convictions, he would not be President. But under existing circumstances uncompromising practical fidelity to those convictions could hardly fail to alienate his party, and to leave him without support. The Republican party has shown that whatever service the President may render to reform, it will insist that he is false and hypocritical, and that he has done nothing, because he has not done everything. He is therefore now confronted with the situation of General GRANT in 1873, when his own party would not support his reform policy, and the other party sneered. The President's persistence would not convert his party to a party of reform. But it would consolidate and strengthen the reformed system in the civil service, and inevitably draw to his support, as its representative, the great body of Republicans and Democrats who share his convictions. No such Republican or Democrat will fail cordially to sustain the President in his reform course and in the impending conflict with his party. The President has never yet been placed in a position requiring fidelity and firmness without showing himself to be fully equal to the exigency; and there is no reason to doubt that the remark ascribed to him some time ago truly expressed his purpose, that the result of the New York election, whatever it might be, would not change his course.

IRISH INDEPENDENCE.

MR. PARNELL has already secured the nomination of candidates of his own selection for Parliament in more than half the Irish constituencies. They are simply his agents, bound to vote as he shall direct, and in the political situation of England and Ireland he says that home rule is already in sight. He does not openly state that home rule would be the final step to separation. It is not clear, indeed, that he supposes separation to be desirable for the welfare of Ireland. But he knows that separation is the radical Irish dream, and he knows that the radical sentiment in a revolution is the most powerful, and that he must swim with a current that he can not stem. While, therefore, he does not declare for separation, his demand for independence is near enough to it to satisfy the radicals. MR. PARNELL is probably too sagacious not to see that with the great improvement in the condition of Ireland, and in English sentiment toward Ireland, the country could not possibly gain by separation from England.

An admirable article in the Toronto *Week* states the situation plainly. Ireland, it says, could not gain in external security by being placed under the guns of a power made her enemy by the act of separation, and immeasurably superior in strength. She would not gain in internal harmony by the inevitable struggle for ascendency of the Catholic majority with the Protestant minority supported by English and Scotch sympathy. She would not gain in economy by being compelled to maintain her own armaments and establishments, instead of relying, as now, upon the English treasury. She would not gain in greatness by losing a share in an empire of which the civil service in India swarms with Irishmen. Indeed, in the actual situation of the country, and with the present English disposition, it is not easy to see in what way it is supposed that separation would be an advantage.

The same journal discusses with great intelligence the policy of protection for Ireland advanced by Mr. PARNELL. How can she be a manufacturing country without coal? It was possible when water-power was the dependence of manufactures. But that time has passed, and the power is now steam. Her linen trade is an export trade, and could not be helped by protection. Ireland is an agricultural country, England is the great market for her produce, and should Ireland begin a tariff war, this market would be closed. England would retaliate without compunction, and buy meat, cheese, and butter elsewhere. A large part of British goods is the work of Irish hands. But if England began to retaliate, she would not only exclude Irish produce, but the producer also, and close her ports to the immigration of Irish labor. Moreover, separation would place Irish education in the hands of the clergy, and in an age of scientific industry a priestly educated people would be at serious disadvantage in competing with a country taught in the spirit of the age. These are all important if not decisive points for every intelligent Irishman to consider. He has only to ask himself whether the most furious dynamiter in the United States would return to live in Ireland if Ireland should be made totally independent of England. No such man would return, not because he is established in the United States—for in a just sense he is not established—but because of the anarchy in which Ireland would be involved.

CHEAP MONEY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Examiner* recently rebuked that paper by saying: "Why do you ever confound the commodity value of money with its money value? You say silver dollars are worth but eighty or eighty-five cents. Now tell your readers where they can be got at that figure. I want to buy some." This correspondent's name is legion. There are a great many sincere inquirers of the same kind who are seriously troubled by the fact of their daily observation that a dollar which is constantly declared by the newspapers to be worth only eighty or eighty-five cents actually passes for a dollar of a hundred cents. They think this to be a part of "the mystery of finance," and they would honestly like to understand the matter.

The *Examiner* lucidly explains the apparent mystery:

"Our friend wants us to distinguish between the commodity value of money and the money value. There is no such distinction. The money value (that is, the purchasing power) of a coin is determined in the markets of the world, not by what some government says it shall be worth, but by its real worth. If government says it shall be worth one hundred cents, and it is really worth only eighty cents, it passes for only eighty cents. To this rule there are but two exceptions. The first is what is called "token" money, where the coinage is limited in amount, like our fractional currency, and the coins are accepted at their face value for convenience when tendered in small sums. The second is when a debtor offers a legal-tender coin to pay a debt; his creditor is then obliged to accept it for its face value, irrespective of its real value. If our friend contracted a debt last year, and things go on as they are now, he will soon be able to discharge it in dollars worth eighty cents each. Does he consider this honest, and is he anxious to do it? But why can not silver dollars be bought for eighty cents now, if that is all they are worth? Because the quantity of them is limited, and they have not yet got into circulation enough to disturb seriously our currency, which is now based on the gold dollar. They come at present under the first exception noted above; they are practically a "token" coin, and are taken at their face value. But if a larger quantity of them is coined and forced into circulation, they will fall to their true value, gold will be at a premium, and our whole current monetary system will be thrown into disorder."

These are facts which are familiar to those who have studied the subject in the light of practical experience. But they are not known as they should be by the great body of citizens who live by their daily wages. They think that in some way silver is the poor man's money, and that rich men are trying to suppress it. This is a total mistake. A great increase of silver dollars would mean a great rise in prices. But there would not be a corresponding rise in wages. Wages are always affected last by a general rise in prices, and those who live by daily wages are those who would suffer most by a great increase of silver dollars. These are not theories, nor arbitrary assertions. They are facts proved by universal experience. The theorists are those who do not see that what is called cheap money can not possibly cheapen prices.

A PUBLIC MISFORTUNE.

ONE of the unfortunate results of the election was the defeat in Brooklyn of the movement for non-partisan municipal government. This movement was undertaken by intelligent and patriotic citizens of both parties four years ago, and triumphed in the election of SETH LOW as Mayor. His character, ability, and sound judgment, with his interest in commonsense methods in the public service, and his faithful application of them in the city government, have made his municipal administration familiar to the country as an admirable illustration and justification of the principle. Mr. LOW has been especially careful not to take any conspicuous partisan part during his term of office, and the experiment could not have been more satisfactorily and successfully tried.

Unhappily the advantages of the change have been now lost, and lost by the action of the Republicans. Brooklyn is a Democratic city, and Mayor LOW is a

Republican. He has been twice honestly and warmly supported by Democrats, and as his term expires it was but fair that his successor should be a man of the same character and views selected from the Democratic party. It is true that, strictly speaking, the partisan consideration should not be decisive. But if a fitting candidate were found whose political views were a guarantee that there was no partisan appropriation of the movement, it was obvious that he should be warmly supported by Republicans. The Democrats had already nominated a candidate, and to nominate a Republican candidate against him was merely to enter upon the old party contest for the Mayoralty, and to overthrow the excellent system established under Mayor LOW.

The Republicans, however, took this course. In a party convention they nominated a party candidate under distinctly anti-reform influences, and with the exceedingly foolish plea, under the circumstances, that the candidate would be sufficiently non-partisan. The honest friends of non-partisan city government, however, very properly held to their principles. They nominated a candidate who represented them, and they made an active and energetic canvass. But they were defeated by the Republican action, which has overthrown the admirable system of Mayor LOW, and restored the city to a strict partisan rule. Thus one of the most sensible and interesting of practical reforms has been baffled, and it is not likely to be attempted again for a long time. The result is discouraging, because the really conservative element in this country is not party spirit, but it is the intelligence and courage which restrain the excesses of that spirit, and there is no more effective way of doing this than by the exclusion of that spirit from affairs with which it has no concern—an exclusion which has a mollifying influence by teaching us that we may differ politically without being enemies of the government or the country.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

IN the present situation the position of Civil Service Commissioner is one of very great importance. But the salary is so small that if constant residence in Washington be considered indispensable, it is, of course, not easy to find proper Commissioners. Constant residence, however, is no more indispensable for a National than for a State Commissioner. The details of the work may be intrusted to a capable Chief Examiner as the executive officer, while the Commissioners exercise, as in New York, a close supervision.

The President has asked Mr. EATON to remain, at least temporarily, as the third member of the Commission, both to aid in preparing the annual report and in showing his colleagues the practical operation of the reformed system. In an interview with an editor the President took occasion to renew the expression of his confidence in reform, and left no doubt of his purpose to enforce it. He also explained the rumors which have prevailed as to an intention to favor STERLING in the weighers' examination as follows:

"My attention has been called to statements in some of the newspapers relating to Mr. STERLING. I have heard that he has applied for examination as a weigher. I have no information whether he has passed or not, but I judge from something appearing in the papers that certain people fear that he has, and are already lashing themselves into a dreadful state of apprehension lest he should be selected, after examination, to fill the place to which he was appointed without examination, and from which he was suspended.

"When the Civil Service Commission consulted with me as to the status of Mr. STERLING and the true construction of the rule bearing upon that subject, I agreed with them in their second opinion that the position of weigher was subject to an examination, and that it should be filled by one who by means of a proper examination under the law proved himself competent and eligible. But it seemed to me that the good of the service required that the person to be appointed should be possessed of certain traits and qualifications which no theoretical examination would develop. One having in charge two or three hundred men of the class with which a weigher has to deal should possess personal courage, energy, decision, and firmness of character. It is entirely certain that the possession of such qualifications could not in the least be determined by the result of an examination organized for the purpose of testing an applicant's knowledge and education. So I suggested that the examination for this place be non-competitive. But finding that the law and rules did not permit that in such a case, it was proposed that, instead of sending to the appointing power only four names from those who had proved themselves eligible upon examination, and obliging him to select one of them, the whole number who successfully passed should be sent up, thus permitting an opportunity to judge of the qualifications not developed by the examination.

"This, as I understand it, was agreed to among us, and I have ever since supposed that course would be followed. I think it certainly should be. I might, perhaps, add that at the time it was, as I supposed, settled upon, I had not, and I am quite sure that no member of the Commission had, the slightest idea that Mr. STERLING would appear as an applicant for examination.

"Now if Mr. STERLING has submitted to the conditions imposed by the civil service law, and if he has passed the examination prescribed, he should be treated justly and fairly. I do not mean to say that the appointing power should be unjust and unfaithful to others by appointing Mr. STERLING over the heads of those who have passed a better examination than he, and who are found on inspection to possess the qualifications essential to an effective performance of the duties pertaining to the office. But I think all who have passed should be certified, and if, under a fair application of the rules, and in the exercise, honestly and in good faith, of the selection thus afforded, Mr. STERLING should be chosen, no friend of civil service reform has any right to complain.

"No cause can gain by injustice or by a twisting of its purposes to suit particular tastes; and when a result is fairly reached through the proper operation of methods adopted to further a reform, it should be accepted, especially by the friends of the movement. They should not permit those of whom they require submission to say with any semblance of truth that they themselves submit only when the result accords with their views."

This is perfectly frank and fair, and although there may be very properly a difference of opinion as to opening the whole eligible list for selection for appointment, the President states his own view forcibly, and his statement that it was not supposed that STERLING would compete disposes of all suspicion of a purpose to favor him.

THE TRIAL OF WARD.

THE trial of FERDINAND WARD, his prompt conviction, sentence, and punishment, were very significant events. The decorum, dignity, and proper rapidity of the proceedings were due to Judge BARRETT, whose conduct upon this occasion, as often before, showed that the administration of justice in New York is not entirely prostituted to the personal posturing and display of the counsel. Important trials in the city are often mere spectacles for the public entertainment, the performance consisting chiefly of the exchange of sarcasms and gibes by the counsel, designed for the gratification of the same public taste which is pleased by the clown in the circus.

In the trial of WARD, Judge BARRETT peremptorily suppressed every spectacular effort of the counsel, and held them strictly to the proper discharge of their duty. He showed the jury the simple point which was submitted to its decision, and explained the law. The verdict was soon rendered, and within a week from the impanelling of the jury WARD was at work at Sing Sing.

This trial was an admirable illustration of the timeliness of Professor WAYLAND'S paper upon certain anomalies in criminal jurisprudence which he read at the late annual meeting of the National Prison Association at Detroit. Professor WAYLAND'S allegorical description of a proper trial is a strong rebuke of the frequent trial in our courts, and his summary of it is a truthful account of the WARD trial:

"It was marked throughout by singular dignity and decorum, courtesy and fairness. It was shortened by no unseemly haste, as it was certainly prolonged by no unnecessary delay. It was tried to the court and jury, and not to the spectators. Evidently it was not regarded as a popular entertainment to which admission is free for all, and where boisterous merriment in the audience is a lawyer's suitable reward, but as a decent, deliberate, dispassionate investigation into the guilt or innocence of a human being charged with unlawfully taking the life of his fellow."

But it was not in New York, nor anywhere in the United States. It was in Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, that Professor WAYLAND saw the trial that he describes. It is a great misfortune for public morals that Judge BARRETT'S authority does not extend to the repression of the description of WARD'S conduct in prison. The newspaper accounts of his appearance and eating and drinking and working as a prisoner only pander to the morbid taste which is itself a source of crime. Meanwhile it is a pleasant fact that a magistrate like Judge BARRETT was unanimously re-elected to the bench.

PARTY COHESION.

SENATOR EVARTS, in his Brooklyn speech just before the election, recalled his remark of last year, that great results can be achieved by party only by cohesion in the party itself. This remark is not new, but it is true; no intelligent man denies it.

But the Senator was wary. He did not ask this year or last year what it is that disturbs party cohesion. The answer, however, is simple. It is the suspicion that the party is recreant to its own principles, and this suspicion is based upon party action. The nomination of unfit candidates, for instance, justly begets such suspicion, and, as we pointed out last year when Senator EVARTS made this statement, there can be no greater insult to intelligent men than to argue that unfit nominations should be supported for the sake of the party. A party takes form and acts upon public affairs only through agents, and to advocate the election of unfit agents for the sake of the party is to attempt the debauchery of the public conscience.

The way to strengthen a party is not to insist upon what nobody denies, that party cohesion is necessary to success, but to show that an unwise policy and unfit nominations justly relax party cohesion, and therefore imperil success.

TRUTH WELL TOLD.

THE Chicago *Times* tells the truth in this vigorous way:

"In a word, the doctrine of the spoils system is a doctrine of barbarism, and its practice is a practice of barbarism that a sinister and unprincipled demagogism has lawlessly grafted upon American civilization. Those that practice or advocate it are actuated by the spirit of barbarism, precisely as are the Apache savages that insist with all the tenacity of the incorrigible spoilsmen of New York upon the liberty to apply their favorite doctrine that the spoils belong to the victors. The effect of the distemper upon the civilized and the barbarous society is the same. It prevents any movement of the Apache toward civilization, and it produces a movement of the Yankee toward barbarism. It is converting us to a nation of office-hunters. It is debauching the morals of society, undermining public virtue, banishing honesty and manliness from the American character, rotting away at their foundation the pillars of the state."

NEWSPAPER DROLLERY.

THE most comical newspaper paragraph which has recently appeared is the following, from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Its gravity makes it all the more amusing:

"This caper of the Mugwumps is the most insidious assault which has ever been directed against our American system. It is the insane attempt of the top of the tree to pull up its roots."

This insidious assault upon the American system is simply the action of intelligent American citizens in voting for candidates whom they prefer. Thus we lately read a telegram which described a certain Republican nomination as very unpopular, and as putting a strong Republican district in the doubtful column. This means that a large number of Republicans would make an insidious assault upon the American system by refusing to vote for a candidate whom they held to be unfit.

If the American system can not stand such assaults, it ought to surrender at once. But the truth is that, instead of assaults upon it, they are its bulwarks and main-stays. They are not assaults upon the system, but upon the most dangerous abuses of the system.

PERSONAL.

MR. EDMUND C. STEDMAN continues this winter his Sunday evening receptions in his house in East Thirtieth Street, which he bought from the widow of BAYARD TAYLOR, and in which are many pictures and articles of furniture associated with the distinguished translator of "Faust." Mr. STEDMAN'S library is on the first floor, and abounds in rare books gathered by him in every country of the world. Here, after the labors of a day in Wall Street, he writes poetry or criticisms, his manuscript being as carefully punctuated as that of any man living. Indeed, he insists that the printer shall respect it. Nothing of the kind could be more legible.

—Mr. J. R. G. HASSARD, of the *Tribune*, whose work as managing editor, book reviewer, and musical critic is widely known, and who, in addition to all his other duties, has found time to write historical works, is still in very delicate health, at his house in New York, after a long sojourn in the Adirondacks.

—It is well known to the intimates of the Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM that the interview published some years ago in the *Evening Post*, practically attributing to him a conversion to the orthodox faith, has caused him lasting displeasure. Mr. FROTHINGHAM'S views, as promulgated by him from his pulpit for many years, have undergone no material change. He is at present deeply immersed in literary pursuits, for which his tastes have long been congenial.

—A New York author, whose new novel was recently severely criticised by the *Saturday Review* because it contained the word "calculate" in the "American" sense of "designed to accomplish," was much amused the other day, on casually picking up a volume of CARLYLE, to find that the distinguished philosopher employed the same word in precisely the same sense. "Is it still an Americanism?" he asks. Mr. W. E. NORRIS frequently uses it in his charming novel *Adrian Vidal*.

—A quotation attributed by a slip of the pen to the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR in this column a few days ago should have been attributed to another but less widely known Dr. TAYLOR, who, like the distinguished pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, has written a treatise on the prophet Elijah.

—The late Mr. UNDERWOOD, of Queensland, had an antidote to the fatal bite of the adders which infest that country. He had many times demonstrated its value in his own case and that of others. He was fond of letting the snakes bite him, and then of curing himself. He offered his recipe to the government for $50,000, but the offer was declined. One day, when intoxicated, he was bitten by an adder. His remedy was not near him, and he died.

—The Prince of Wales was "much grieved" over the loss of his black sporting dog Bang at the railway station in Stockholm on the day of his arrival; but his mother, the Queen, really suffered at the death of one of her oldest Highland servants, named BOWMAN, who, while picking cranberries in a forest in Scotland, was held fast for twenty hours in the wires of a deer fence, and died of exhaustion.

—A conductor on one of the Broadway street cars complains that lady passengers are much harder to get along with than men. He says they will persist in standing at the lower crossings when the car is going up-town, and at the upper crossings when the car is going down-town; and that if the car-driver does not heed their call to stop, and they are compelled to walk from one crossing to another before getting into the car, they vent their indignation upon him. They forget, he says, that if the driver had caused an accident by stopping at the wrong crossing, he would have been fined five dollars for the offense. Ladies, he says, always give more "back talk" than men.

—The statue of WILLIAM E. DODGE, at the junction of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, is a striking likeness, especially as seen from a window of the Sixth Avenue elevated cars. The pose is easy, and there is a general sense of life. The effect would have been enhanced had the figure been of colossal proportions; but Mr. J. Q. A. WARD, the sculptor, has produced a work of singular merit in a city where most of the public monuments are failures.

—One of the stockholders of the new Cremation Society is Professor FELIX ADLER, whose interest in cremation rests not upon sanitary but upon æsthetic grounds. He recognizes the sanitary grounds, he says, but it is not of them that he thinks when he sees the body of a friend put in a hole in the ground and left there. Such treatment offends his taste. He is not a fanatic, however, nor even an enthusiast, on the subject; but he believes that public sentiment in favor of cremation has rational foundations, and that by-and-by American architecture will concern itself with making a design for an urn temple like that once used by the Romans, in which the ashes of the dead shall rest in urns, each urn being put in its own niche. Professor ADLER thinks that after the cremation of a body the ashes may be buried if the friends so desire, or the urn may be deposited in a lot in the cemetery if it is not wanted in one's own house.

—Mr. ALLEN DODWORTH, author of the new book entitled *Dancing and its Relations to Social Life*, has long been well known in social circles in this city, and there is scarcely an important german given anywhere at which the influence of his teachings, directly or indirectly, is not a vital force.

—An authority on Japanese fashions says that the obi, or broad band worn by Yum Yum and her sisters in the *Mikado*, and often called a sash, is not a sash at all, but a sort of swathing fold, wound about the body, and obviating the need of both corsets and buttons, as Japanese women do not use either of these aids in making up their costume.

—The Countess of Chesterfield left an income of $200,000 a year. She was an admirer and friend of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and thirty years ago a brilliant leader of fashionable society.

—In a letter to the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF writes, with characteristic vigor, modesty, and sense of professional propriety: "Mr. BENNETT, and he alone, dictates the policy of the *Herald*; he alone controls and manages it in every detail. It is time that this often repeated and contemptible falsehood that Mr. BENNETT takes but little part in the management of the *Herald* should cease to be uttered. Mr. BENNETT, as everybody knows who knows the inside of the *Herald*, is the master of it in every part. I have been in his service now since the fall of 1874, and you will perhaps admit that my opinion is worth something about journalism, while my knowledge of him is pretty full. He is, in my judgment, the ablest journalist in this country. He has more of the brilliant intuitions of journalistic genius, a more accurate knowledge of public opinion, more statesman-like sagacity, than any man I have known in the press of this country. I have long ago learned to follow his lead, even when I do not at the moment see his drift, with unquestioning confidence in the soundness of his judgment. Mr. BENNETT is, furthermore, an excellent business man. His thrifty Scotch father carefully trained him in all parts of the business of a great journal. He is so good a judge of the mechanical details that he buys his own white paper, selects his own type, and understands thoroughly the machinery of the press-room; and his knowledge of bookkeeping makes him master at all times of all the accounts of the *Herald* and *Telegram*."

FREDERICK H. WINSTON, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO PERSIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAX PLATZ, CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 741.]

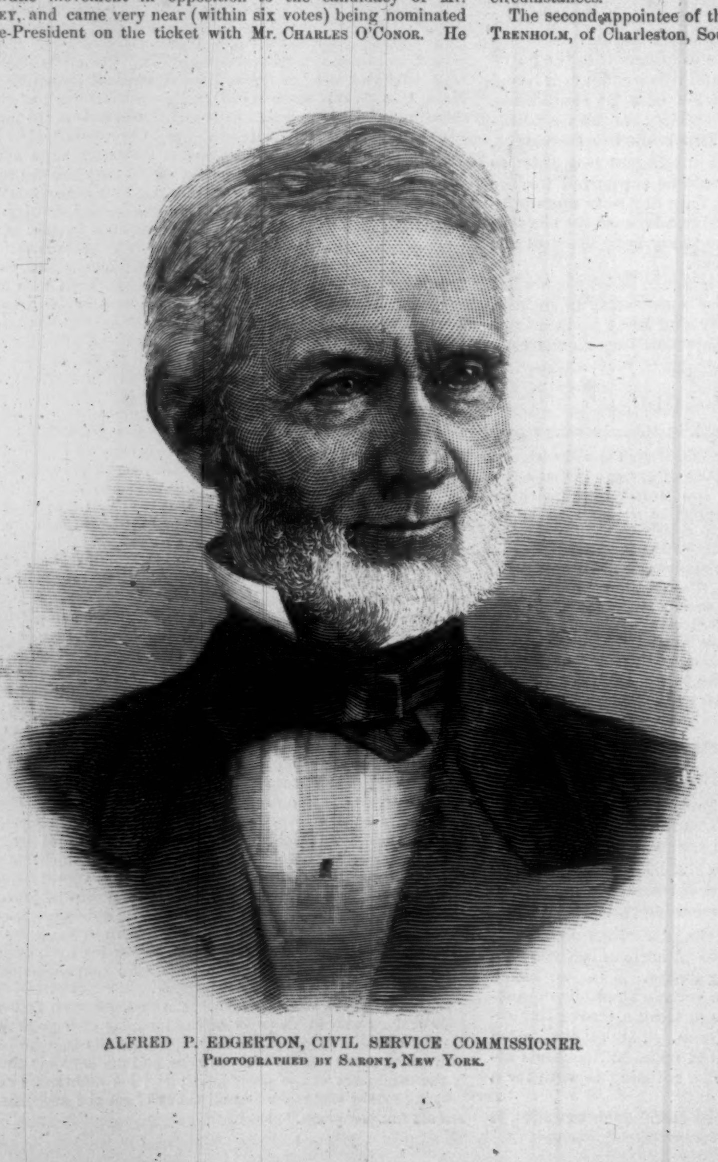
DORMAN B. EATON, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON, NEW YORK.

THE NEW CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

THE President has selected two new members of the United States Civil Service Commission, and has re-appointed Mr. EATON, who, however, is said to wish to retain the position for a time only, and in order to aid the new men in taking hold. One of the President's appointees is Mr. ALFRED P. EDGERTON, of Fort Wayne, Indiana. He is, we believe, a native of New York, and passed a part of his early years in a mercantile house in this city. While still young he removed to northern Ohio, from which State he was elected for two terms to the House of Representatives. In 1858 he took up his residence in Indiana, and in 1868 was the candidate of the Democratic party for Lieutenant-Governor on the ticket with Mr. HENDRICKS, with whom he shared the defeat of that year. Four years later, in 1872, he took part in the "straight" Democratic movement in opposition to the candidacy of Mr. GREELEY, and came very near (within six votes) being nominated as Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR. He was afterward nominated by the friends of the "straight" ticket as Governor of Indiana, but declined to run against Governor HENDRICKS, who was then elected.

It will thus be seen that his share in politics has been rather of the conscientious than of the ambitious sort, while he has earned the right to be classed among the most undoubted Democrats For the past fifteen years he has been President of the Board of Education of the city of Fort Wayne by the unanimous vote of the Common Council. He has also recently been a Director of Purdue University, in Indiana, by appointment from Governor PORTER, a Republican. These facts are evidence of the respect he has won from political opponents. He was recommended strongly for appointment as Commissioner by Chief Justice WAITE, Senator PAYNE, and many leading men of each party. Mr. EDGERTON is "rising seventy," but is hale and active. He is in independent circumstances.

The second appointee of the President is "Colonel" WILLIAM L. TRENHOLM, of Charleston, South Carolina. He is the son of the late Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States, and is, of course, a Democrat. He is described as "a Charleston merchant by inheritance and in practice," who "believes firmly in the principles which were sought to be applied to the public service in the law and regulations now in force." He is about fifty years of age, slight, compactly built, with gray hair and mustache. Mr. TRENHOLM has from the first been known as a warm and sympathetic supporter and admirer of President CLEVELAND. He has, of late, made a national reputation by his discussion of the silver question. At the recent Commercial Convention in Atlanta, which the advocates of the silver dollar were confident of committing to the present silver law, the opponents of the law from the East found in Mr. TRENHOLM not only an ally, but, somewhat unexpectedly, a leader. He took the floor against a resolution calling for continued coinage of silver dollars, and surprised the Convention and the country by the force, the logical effectiveness, the scope, and the convincing eloquence of his speech. He showed not only a mastery of the principles of sound currency,



ALFRED P. EDGERTON, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

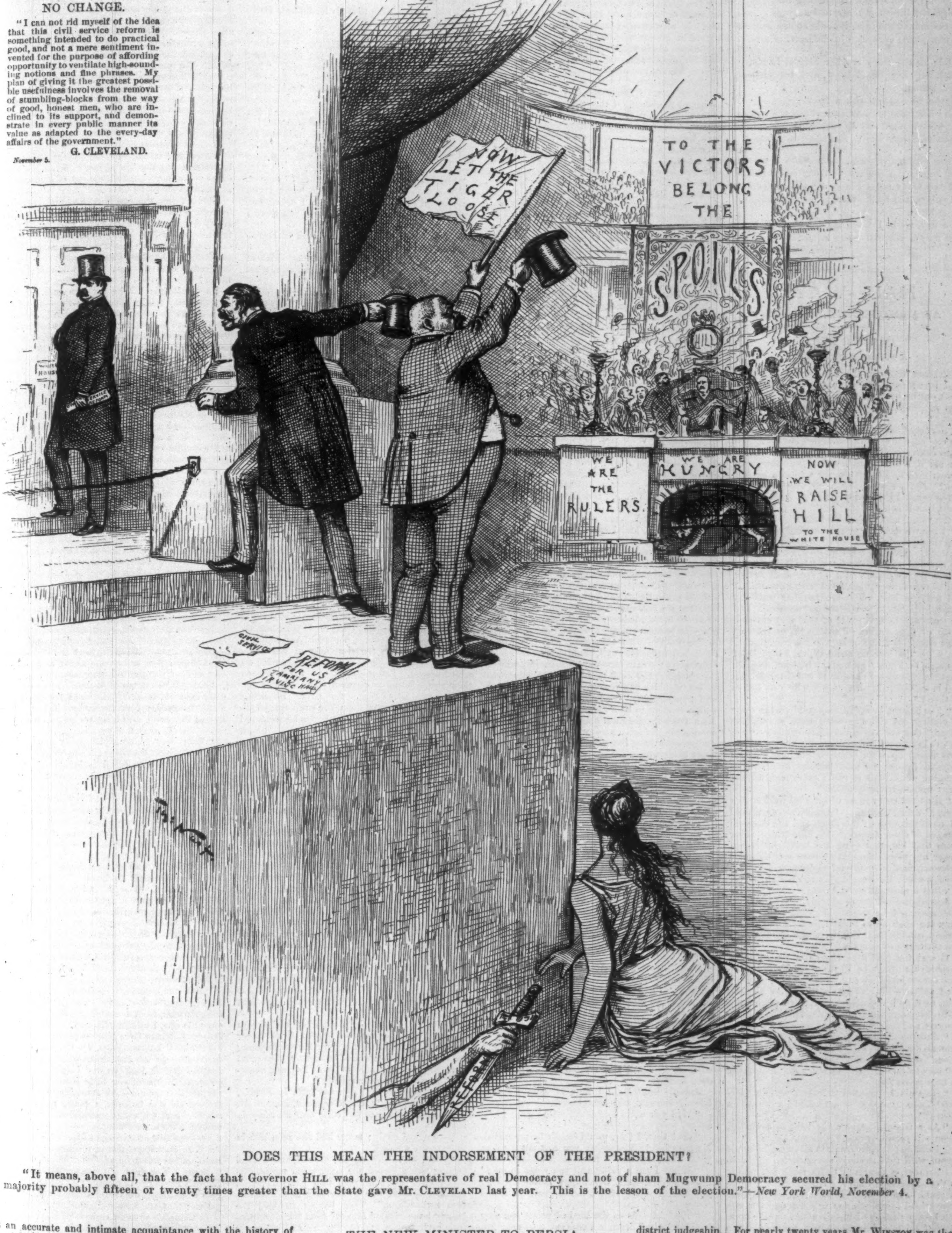
WILLIAM L. TRENHOLM, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NO CHANGE.

"I can not rid myself of the idea that this civil service reform is something intended to do practical good, and not a mere sentiment invented for the purpose of affording opportunity to ventilate high-sounding notions and fine phrases. My plan of giving it the greatest possible usefulness involves the removal of stumbling-blocks from the way of good, honest men, who are inclined to its support, and demonstrate in every public manner its value as adapted to the every-day affairs of the government."

G. CLEVELAND.

November 5.



DOES THIS MEAN THE INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT?

"It means, above all, that the fact that Governor HILL was the representative of real Democracy and not of sham Mugwump Democracy secured his election by a majority probably fifteen or twenty times greater than the State gave Mr. CLEVELAND last year. This is the lesson of the election."—*New York World, November 4.*

but an accurate and intimate acquaintance with the history of financial legislation in this country and in the principal commercial nations of Europe. He subsequently reported against the silver law, and in favor of its immediate and unconditional repeal, and the action proposed by him was approved in the Convention by a strong majority of the votes of the Southern delegates. Later he took up the discussion of the question in the daily press, and has done more than any one man to create a rational and healthy sentiment on the subject in the South, where the change of opinion upon this subject has been alike gratifying and surprising. It is with reference to this work, among others, that the Charleston *News* says of him: "He possesses solid acquirements and large information, and has oftentimes exhibited singular skill and tact in dealing with difficult and complicated questions, ... which will satisfy those who as yet know him only by reputation that he is competent to deal successfully, if any one can, with the problems presented by the civil service system."

THE NEW MINISTER TO PERSIA.

MR. FREDERICK H. WINSTON, of Chicago, who has been appointed to succeed Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN as Minister to Persia, has for many years been a well-known resident of Chicago. He is a native of Georgia, where he was born in 1830, the son of a Presbyterian minister. In Mr. FREDERICK WINSTON'S boyhood his parents moved to Kentucky, where he received his schooling, returning when he was eighteen to Georgia, and before he was of age beginning the study of the law. He was graduated in 1852 at the Harvard Law School, and after his graduation completed his studies in the office of Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, in this city, where he was admitted to practice in 1853.

In the same year he took up his residence in Chicago, and formed a partnership with Mr. JUDD, who was appointed by President LINCOLN United States Minister to Berlin, and subsequently with Mr. BLODGETT, who was appointed, also by President LINCOLN, to a district judgeship. For nearly twenty years Mr. WINSTON was the general counsel of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad Company. His professional specialty is railroad law, and in this his eminence at the Western bar is undisputed. He is at present the senior member of the firm of WINSTON & RHODES. Mr. F. S. WINSTON, the Corporation Counsel of Chicago, is a son of the new Minister.

With the exception of his term of service as President of the Lincoln Park Commission, Mr. WINSTON has heretofore held no public office. His appointment is most kindly received by the press of Chicago. It seems to be one of the appointments, so familiar in the history of Mr. CLEVELAND'S political career, of which nobody had thought before they were made, but which commend themselves as soon as they are announced to the personal acquaintances of the person appointed as eminently fit to be made. Mr. WINSTON expects to leave Chicago for Teheran about the end of the present month.

WHAT SHE IS NOW.

Her hair is a lovely brown that turns
To gold when the sunshine on it lies,
And, fringed with lashes of darker hue,
A golden brown are her radiant eyes,
And the milk-white teeth that her smiles disclose
Are like pearls enshrined in the heart of a rose.

As fair as the snow are her helpful hands,
And her low broad brow, and her slender throat,
And she flits about with a fairy grace,
And her voice is sweet as a wild bird's note—
Ay, sweeter you'd say if you heard her speak
In the cheeriest way to the weary and weak:

To the weary and weak, for her life is passed
In scenes the saddest that one could find,
And the many prayers that are prayed for her
Are breathed by the maimed and the halt and blind.
Some day, up in heaven, a saint she will be;
Now only a hospital nurse is she.

Margaret Eytinge.

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DISCOURSE UPON LOVE.

Millison caught up that last word of Jeannie's. "For love? for love?" he asked, emboldened to speak out by he knew not what sudden impulse. "Do you, then, believe in love, Madame D'Harcourt?"

"Say 'my friend'; that has a far prettier sound," she replied, her exquisite elocution having a wondrous charm in Millison's sensitive ears. "You ask me if I believe in love? Lives there the French man or French woman who is a skeptic here? Not twenty Revolutions could make us non-believers in this respect. Fortunate for the world that it is so."

The young man arched his brows.

"I see you ask for an explanation," she added, speaking quickly, but at evident pains to be understood. "No one can deplore more than I do the national materialism for which all thoughtful French people blush. But by love shall France still be regenerated, vindicated before nations. I will tell you how. You are familiar with our dramatic literature, our poetry, our romance. You see what a parade is made of that very extravagance or depravation of sentiment, at least in other countries veiled or kept in the background. But when the love we write of, read of, talk of so much in France means the highest, deepest, most simple-minded passion of which the human soul is capable, ah, what may not love do for us all then?"

"You believe, I see," Millison said, on the verge of getting out those sweet French words "my friend," but not yet courageous enough—"you believe in a moral Millennium. No more unhappy girls fished up from the Seine, or choked with charcoal fumes; no more harpies in petticoats bringing weak fools to ruin; every man honest, every woman irreproachable."

"Must not every lover of his kind hold such a creed?" asked Jeannie. "Otherwise we should all have recourse to the Seine and the charcoal pan out of sheer despair. No, dear friend, never deem that human feeling has borne its fairest flower, any more than that we have seen the acme of human justice, or mortal wisdom and goodness beyond which the imagination can not soar."

"It is a pleasant creed."

Jeannie turned round sharply. "But a creed that must not be yours. A priest is bound to deny the doctrine of human perfectibility under human conditions. You have already forsworn the teachings of evolution."

It was the first time since the beginning of their idyllic life at La Fleurie that Millison's future career had been overtly alluded to. He colored painfully, evidently wrestled with himself, then took up the challenge. He had often longed to discuss this subject with Jeannie, but hitherto courage and opportunity alike seemed wanting.

"Madame D'Harcourt," he began, despite Jeannie's adorable little frown—the words "my friend" seemed unattainable as ever—"will you tell me one thing? Are you sorry that I am going to be a priest?"

"How am I expected to answer such a question?" she asked—"as a Catholic, a woman, a friend?"

"As a friend first, as a Catholic, as a woman, when you please," replied Millison.

"I will be perfectly frank in all three," Jeannie began, with that tenderly sympathetic, affectionate manner, a thousand times more bewitching to the young man than the most finished coquetry could have been. "First of all, then, speaks your friend (although you will not call her so). Am I sorry that one I love is about to take upon himself solemn obligations it is no dishonor to him to be unable to fulfill? that he is about to cut himself off from those pure ties and sweet sympathies which are in themselves a redemption? that he so far misreads life and human history as to suppose such a sacrifice admirable in the eyes of God or man, as justifiable in itself on the score of expediency? that being as he is, gifted with keen susceptibilities, possessing a heart framed for affection, a soul capable of noble passion, he consents to live alone and die unmourned? The friend has answered you. Shall the Catholic now speak?"

"Do say all that you have to say to me," Millison replied. Her utterances interested him more than anything else in the world, he owned just then, no matter what might be the topic. But when she consented to talk of himself, he wanted her to go on forever.

"The Catholic, I say," Jeannie added, "and the reverent Catholic too. Pray understand that. Alas! is nineteenth-century Romanism to be blamed because it does not meet the spiritual requirements of nineteenth-century humanity? As well reproach mediæval astrology for not replacing the modern weather chart! I am a Catholic born and bred; I respect the sublime faith of my fathers. I honor the good intentions of its actual ministers. I recognize the good work of the Church in days gone by. But I can no more regard its teachings as a spiritual ultimatum now than I can accept the notion of French history taught in convents, which brings it to an end at the death of Louis Seize. Can I be glad, then, that one I love as a brother becomes a priest, when I look around me and see to what the priesthood has degenerated in our own time? Can I be glad to hear him recite creeds only untaught rustics and little children are expected to believe? Shall I rejoice to see him dwarfing his mental powers and those of his fellows by an abnegation of social and moral progress? No, my friend; religion also must be progressive. The modern Jeanne d'Arc would make no pilgrimage to Rome. Sadly, conscientiously, the Catholic has answered you. Hearken, lastly, to the woman."

Jeannie became strangely animated as she took up her third line of argument.

"Shall I, being a woman, rejoice that one man more has become a priest—in other words, an oppressor, or at least a detractor, of my sex? for you do not know, you have yet to learn, what theories priests are bound to hold about women."

Persuasive as were these words, Jeannie, of set purpose, remained throughout impersonal, in so far as Millison's determination was concerned. His resolve to go to Rome and receive the tonsure she accepted as final. It was rather, then, an admonitory voice than anything in the shape of expostulation he was to hear from her now. As an elder sister might warn a beloved brother on the eve of his solemn dedication, she cautioned the young Englishman against the perils that beset his onward path. But she did not bid him turn back.

"I am several years older than yourself, a Catholic, a wife, and I have lived in the world," she said, taking great pains to be exactly understood. "I may, then, with some claim to authority, speak of your future, counsel, admonish, advise. Oh! why did we talk of love just now? It is a word of ill omen on such lips as yours! Does not the priest by his vows, his calling, decry, nay, negative, the holiest feelings Heaven has implanted in the human breast? Or if he openly recognizes the passion of love, if he goes out of his way to intermeddle with sentiments and ties which concern not himself at all, his interference is mischievous in the extreme—nay, deadly. My friend, my brother," she said, raising her beautiful eyes to his with an expression of wonderful appeal and trustingness, "be warned by me. Do not suffer yourself to be blinded to the truth. Hold aloof from those subtle questions and problems concerning human passion from which—as a reality—*you* have cut yourself off forever. Respect every woman as if she were your own sister, your Camma: then, indeed, I shall not grieve, but exult, that you have renounced a normal life and fireside happiness for these vows."

Rising to a pitch of quiet enthusiasm that made her positively angelic in Millison's eyes, she added: "There is yet another kind of love which surely we both believe in, the love that has no sex, that recognizes no kinship, no individuality, that, like the love of Christ, of every benefactor of humanity, embraces all the world. Perfect as may become the devotion of rare natures to each other in the future, this all-embracing, impersonal love—can we doubt it?—is destined to play a still more beautiful and consolatory part. Oh, my friend, seek your refuge, your compensation here! Then, indeed, in a higher, an ineffable, a divine sense, you may love, not one woman, but all!"

Jeannie paused, a little shocked perhaps at her own abandonment, a little puzzled to know how far she had touched her hearer. Impressed and interested he certainly was. The young man's expressive face glowed, and his voice had caught something of her own enthusiasm as he made unexpected reply.

"I wish you were going to be my confessor," he said, in that ostentatiously boyish, half-hearted manner of his, which often concealed really deep feeling.

Jeannie smiled. "I may at least be your friend," she said, with affectionate ingenuousness.

"Will you write to me when I go away?" he asked.

"Ah! that, I fear, would hardly be permitted. My poor boy! Remember you are not a priest yet. The discipline of novitiate is strict."

"When I am a priest will you write to me?" Millison said, with the happy anticipation of youth, overleaping half a dozen years in a moment.

"That depends on the kind of priest you may turn out to be," Jeannie answered, warily. "But friends we are, and friends we will remain, whatever happens."

Millison crimsoned. "You will in all probability marry again?" he said, his eyes dwelling admiringly on the exquisite figure before him.

Jeannie, indeed, reminded him of certain French pictures. Subject they can hardly be said to possess, but the dainty finish, the subtle harmonies, the perfection of detail, the delicate, airy grace, make up a poem nevertheless.

"Marry again!" echoed the young French woman, in a voice of deprecation. "Ah! never, never; and some day you shall know the reason. Like yourself, I am going to take refuge in that larger love which embraces all the world, and lead the calm, impersonal life with which passion has nothing to do. You have heard me speak of this before—of my intention to study medicine in Paris, I mean, and devote myself to sick, friendless women."

"I wish I were going to study medicine in Paris too!" Millison ejaculated.

"Yes; we might have been very happy—Camma there, and perhaps my Eugène. It would have been an ideal existence. Let us not talk of it, since it is now impossible," she said. "Let us talk no more, but join the others."

"Madame D'Harcourt, my friend," said Millison at last, contriving to get out the last two delicious words without more than a natural blush and tremor, "will you give me your portrait?"

"To-day, and welcome. But to be returned to-morrow—at least before we bid each other farewell," was the distracting reply. "Do you care for it on such conditions as these?"

"No, indeed," Millison made tart answer. "Why should I want your portrait when I can see yourself? It was a souvenir I asked for, something to recall, to remind me of you when I shall be alone and far away."

Jeannie glanced at him with a look of regretful, affectionate insinuation.

"But that is just when you must not think of me at all," she said. "You seem to forget what lies before you."

Millison said no more, but determined to forget to still better purpose on the morrow. Why spoil a matchless holiday with unavailing self-questionings, trembling glances toward the future, wistful looking back?

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANGLO-FRENCH COURTSHIP.

New and delightful as it was to Millison Methold to be taken into the confidences of such a woman as Jeannie d'Harcourt, it was still newer, still more delightful, to Eugène Hervé to have the English Camma Joye for his friend. In holiday resorts, certainly, a measure of ease and liberty is permitted even to French girls. At seaside places and inland spas young men and maidens, always provided outward circumstances are propitious, may flirt, make love, even become affianced lovers, as in other countries. But this sweet, spontaneous, unfettered intercourse with a girl not only able to understand but to stimulate him was an experience wholly novel and unlooked-for. Fascinating as he found many of his country-women, Camma's very unlikeness to them all formed in his eyes one of her chief attractions.

That English outspokenness, verging on artless audacity, entire absence of self-consciousness, and openly expressed, intelligent interest in a vast number of subjects lying far beyond her immediate sphere, rendered her positively adorable in his eyes. Even the simplicity of her dress and wild-rose, unstudied appearance imparted an added charm. For the most part the four took their rustic jaunts in company, Ann Brindle and Anatole generally being of the party. Breakfast was often carried with them, the cloth spread under the trees, and an inimitable omelet prepared by Anatole in the very heart of the woods. Later, a few more chips would be thrown on to the embers, a handful of coffee tossed into a boiling caldron, and lo! the most fragrant cup in the world—fit for the Sultan himself—served without ado or ceremony. It was the life of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in Sherwood Forest, of Celia and Rosalind in Arden, and all the more fairy-like, all the more rollicking, because, rare as have become the Robin Hoods and Maid Marians, the Celias and Rosalinds, nowadays, the greenwood solitudes in which they loved to disport themselves have become rarer still. Alas! there is hardly any more room in the world for romance. Search the forests of Europe through, and to-day's lovers shall hardly escape the sandwich papers, empty bottles, and egg-shells of yesterday's picnic!

France, however, offers a sylvan retreat here and there, fresh, sweet, almost unpeopled, and this was one. Nevertheless, from the topmost crag of their rock-shut valley, whenever they were at pains to climb it, these happy holiday-makers could descry one of the grand high-roads of the world—the road that led to Paris, the road that led to Rome!

"Why can not life be always lazy and always perfect?" said Eugène, as he stood on the lower branch of a hazel-tree, dropping the sweet young nuts into Camma's upraised basket. "Why must bonbons come only on New-Year's Day, and household bread all the year round?"

"Why must we ever go away from La Fleurie, you mean to say," Camma rejoined, laughingly. "But who would care to gather nuts all the year round?"

He laughed gayly; never had she seen him in so gaysome a mood.

"Well, with snow on the ground, and a wind cutting like a sword, the occupation might certainly offer disadvantages two months hence. Summer is short and winter long in this miniature Switzerland." Then, having stripped the bough, he extricated himself from the closely interlaced branches, and parting them a little, made a leafy sofa for her on the edge of the wood. The place invited to lovers' confidences; behind them the greenery of the young forest, animated with the twitterings of countless little birds; immediately before their eyes a little amphitheatre or semicirque of sunny, sparkling green, one convolution of the long winding valley, between wood and steep sloping banks the verdant reaches of a quiet little river. "If winter can ever be too long," he continued—"the genial time in Burgundy, the time of blazing logs, curtains close drawn, and fragrant tea made after English fashion. Why not stay among us? Why go at all to far-off Alsace?"

Camma opened her blue eyes. "I want something to do," she said; "that is why I go to Alsace."

"Ah," he said, "that terrible woman's something to do! When every girl of high spirit and superior intelligence dons the advocate's cap and gown or the doctor's robe, what will become of average humanity of the other sex? Aspirants after fireside companionships will be compelled to go a-courting in the heart of African deserts, or seek a bride among the shepherdesses of Mongolia. Yet pray do not misapprehend me. I can quite understand such aspirations in an English girl. I sympathize with them despite my raillery. My own country-women too—Heaven be praised!—will ere long wake up to find that existence means something more than marriage, millinery, and a Book of Hours."

He looked at her archly.

"May there be no room for worthy aspiration in married life, the life of two? Does the new creed you adhere to exalt one set of sympathies at the expense of all the rest?"

How different this rapturous love-making to the ice-cold courtship of a self-complacent Juliette! Every word, every glance, every moment of confidences, seemed to bring them nearer to each other. Unable to elicit a syllable as yet from the downcast, blushing Camma—what so adorable in French eyes as that pure, wild-rose Saxon blush?

He continued: "Take my own case. A soldier without a soldier's instincts; the word we are as a nation so often reproached with, glory, an empty sound in my ears; condemned to a garrison life now in one town, now in another, at every moment liable to be summoned on the barbarous errand of slaughter. Were such a life bearable without affection? For I must explain to you—" here another glance, half deprecatory, half self-reproachful—"I have resigned myself to the inevitable. I can not purchase one kind of liberty at the sacrifice of another. I can not, for instance, mend my poor fortunes with a rich wife's dowry. So a soldier I am, a soldier I remain, and the happiest under the sun if a certain English girl will consent to share my poverty."

There was something irresistibly winning in this frank appeal, and Camma's utterances were as naïve as his own.

"I love your beautiful France," she said. "Jeannie is like a sister to me already. But—" She glanced at him with eyes brimful of trustingness and girlish appeal. Could they confide in each other, wholly understand each other? her face said. "Jeannie may have told you. I said to her when we first met that I should never care for any one but Millison, and now I begin to realize it. We only loved each other as brother and sister."

She felt that on this point some sort of explanation was due to her lover, and to herself also. How, indeed, could she exactly account for such apparent change of feeling? A few weeks back she believed that she should never love any one else so dearly as her old playmate.

"Love Millison, ten Millisons, if you will, after such innocent fashion," Eugène answered, gayly, sorely tempted, yet not daring for the life of him, to kiss the sweet eyes raised to his own with such child-like expression of perplexity.

"That 'but' being comfortably disposed of, now let us hear the others, if others there are."

Truth to tell, he felt intoxicated with happiness. To marry for love according to romantic English notions had ever been his fondest dream. Now he saw it on the eve of fulfillment.

Camma continued: "Then my project of working among the poor in Alsace! How light-minded and changeable I must appear if I give it up for the sake of—" Here she broke down blushingly.

"A being so unworthy as myself. Ah!" put in Eugène, shaking his head, "I can not accept that argument. You are mistress of your own actions. You have a right to live, first for yourself, then for the world. And never fear! Misery is to be found everywhere. If you or any other daughter of Eve desire to prove a ministering angel to the afflicted and unhappy, no hindrance thereto, certes, is a wedding ring."

"But—" A third time began Camma, now looking more perplexed and irresolute than before.

"But the prospect somewhat dismays you. Alas! that 'but' is valid. The lot of a French officer's wife, from a worldly point of view, is no enviable one, I admit. The narrow lodging, the frequent change from place to place, the ofttimes uncongenial surroundings, all these are serious drawbacks to the enjoyment of life. My sweet English friend, look on the bright side of the picture. Think of our little home, joyous with perpetual sunshine—the sunshine of the heart; flowers on our balcony, a piano and book for winter evenings, every summer a little holiday among friends in Bourgogne—we could afford that—and never a care but of Heaven's sending." As if to anticipate the last obstacle obtruding itself on her mind, he added: "You dread exile, perhaps. You think of the separation from your English friends. But every year a French officer gets a holiday; we would cross La Manche together; that, too, we could afford, with economy."

In Camma's eyes this phase of Eugène's wooing was becoming quite pathetic. He looked so troubled, so anxious to deprive that openly avowed poverty of terrors; above all, to remove beforehand all ill-founded hopes and misconceptions regarding the future.

She could keep back the truth no longer.

He was leaning against a tree near her own mossy seat. Rising, she now went up to him with that fearless openness not to be misconstrued of an English girl, and looking up into his face clingingly, appealingly, as a child asking a caress, got out, between laughing and crying: "You unconscious darling! I have twenty thousand francs a year!"

[to be continued.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1499.

THE HORSE SHOW.

As a popular and fashionable attraction the third annual show of horses, ponies, mules, and donkeys, which was held during five days of last week at the mammoth Madison Square Garden, was a great success, fully equal to a brief season of German opera at the Metropolitan, and generally recognized by the wealthy people of the city as being quite as much "the thing." Its financial success was assured on the first day, and although that was perhaps a matter of some indifference to the enthusiastic and affluent managers of the "National Horse Show Association of America," under the auspices of which association the show was given, it must be taken as a gratifying assurance that there is among the fortunate owners of horses in New York an interest in those noble animals which extends beyond the desire that they shall be sound, well groomed, stylishly caparisoned, and attached to something neat on wheels, or capped by pretty buff or russet saddles.

There are two ways of looking at these annual horse shows. They may be regarded from a managerial or amusement stand-point, in which estimate only their success as "shows" is to be considered, or they may be looked upon as important means toward the advancement of horse breeding and horse development in this country. If they are to be regarded from the latter stand-point, it is eminently essential that they should be more American in character and intent than the show last week.

Nobody who attended the exhibition just closed can have failed to be impressed with the fact that undue prominence was given to the competition of a class of animals which, if not entirely foreign to our soil and our purposes, exists only in a most limited degree, and the development of which is of necessity a matter of supreme indifference to all save a small coterie of young men who have leased "preserves" in various portions of Long Island and the Eastern States. Prizes were awarded in ten different classes for that species of horse known in England as the "hunter"; and if public interest did not centre chiefly about this feature of the show, it was not the fault of the majority of the managers, who pressed the claims of the "hunters" to public attention continuously and persistently. Like prominence was given to the merely showy variety of the horse generally known as the "high stepper," there being separate prizes offered for "T" or dog cart horses, tandems in harness, and "four-in-hand" teams. Nobody could justly decry the exhibition of these varieties of horseflesh, were it not that the prominence given to them seemed to operate as a check upon a truly typical exhibition of the American horse.

It is to-day a truthful and general comment among intelligent horsemen that the exhibition of the American thorough-bred was by no means all that it should have been.

The wonderful strides that have been made in the development of the thorough-bred race-horse in this country during the past twenty years were by no means as strikingly illustrated as they should have been in a horse show claiming to be national in its import and purposes. There is this, however, that must be said by way of apology for the presence of so few of the thorough-bred horses of the country, namely, that the risk of a public exhibition of mettled and nervous animals, coupled with the great risk attendant upon their transportation, doubtless deterred many owners from entering them in the show. Mr. A. J. CASSATT, who assumed these risks by entering Bend Or (imported Buckdin—Kate Walker), was rewarded by receiving the first prize; but it is perhaps doubtful if Mr. CASSATT would have undertaken the entrance of his valuable horse had he not been in a position to insure its transportation from Chester Valley with the minimum of railroad risk.

The exhibition of trotting stock, stallions, brood-mares, and young stock generally was the best ever made in the city of New York—so fine, indeed, that it would appear invidious to mention the winners of any of the classes by name, but as an illustration of the excellence of the trotting it exhibits it is only necessary to point to the fact that the winners in the stallion class were Alcyone, owned by ELIZUR SMITH, of Massachusetts; C. J. HAMLIN'S (of New York) Mambrino King, Don Cossack, of the Caton Stock Farm of Illinois, and King Wilkes, belonging to R. B. CONKLIN, of Long Island.

Turning from the sporting to what may be termed the domestic features of the show, there is much that can be said in way of genuine praise. It is difficult, for example, to imagine the collection of a more noble group of heavy draught horses than were exhibited last week, and the exhibition of Clydesdale and Percheron stallions was something not soon to be forgotten. The importation of Normans and Clydesdales into this country, and their breeding here, is a matter of real moment, and the managers of the show are to be congratulated in having gathered together a magnificent collection of these animals. By far the most ornamental beast in this department of the show was HOWARD G. WHITE'S superb Norman stallion Raspail, which has twice before been exhibited at the horse show in this city, and has upon both occasions taken the prize in his class, and it is a proof of the growth of the annual exhibition that there was found last week an animal which in the opinion of the judges was superior to this creature. The prize for Norman stallions was awarded to DAHLMAN'S Paul, and Raspail, with his giant form and wonderful mane, which falls like a bride's veil in a cascade of glossy hair, was voted only second prize.

Horses that attracted equal attention with Raspail and Paul were two magnificent heavy draught animals of Percheron breed, which stood on the main floor of the Garden, just left of the Madison Avenue entrance. They were gray geldings, nineteen hands high, known as Jumbo and Samson, and weighing but little less each than a good-sized elephant—4600 pounds together. In marked contrast was a pretty collection of Shetland ponies, ranging in height from nine hands upward, which were stabled near by.

It is impossible in the necessarily limited space of this article to give even a synopsis of the work of the judges during the busy five days of the show's continuance. Messrs. J. G. K. LAWRENCE, J. H. BRADFORD, and Colonel S. D. BRUCE were judges of the thorough-breds; Colonel LAWRENCE KIP, Colonel E. B. PARSONS, and DAVID BONNER, of the trotters and roadsters; H. L. HERBERT, WILLIAM EASTON, and HENRY MARSH, of the horses of all work, including Clydesdales, Normans, heavy draught horses, mules, and donkeys; HUGO FRITSCH, J. R. ROOSEVELT, Colonel WILLIAM JAY, and Colonel BRUCE, of the coaching stallions, and horses, cobs, and ponies in harness; W. C. GULLIVER, J. G. K. LAWRENCE, and MIGUEL ALEO, of the saddle-horses; S. S. SANDS, W. C. GULLIVER, and THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Jun., of the "hunters"; Colonel KIP, A. NEWBOLD MORRIS, W. STANARD WOOD, of carriages and harness (and exhibitors in connection with the show); and Chief JOSEPH SHEA, of fire-engine horses. The duties of these judges were incessant and continuous from the beginning of the second day, and it is but just to say that their decisions were in the main highly satisfactory and commendable.

Although continuing from Tuesday morning until Saturday night, the time proved none too long for the performance of the interesting daily programmes as arranged.

In a large tan-barked inclosure which occupied nearly the entire area of the ground-floor of the big building, leaving only room between the railing which surrounded it and the permanent galleries of the Garden for a promenade, none too broad, and a single row of stalls, there was an almost continuous exhibition of horses, led, driven, or ridden. Across this tan-bark ring raced the intelligent horses of the city's Fire Department, harnessed upon test trials of speed to the fire-engines, one trial of this rapid manner of harnessing being made in exactly two seconds. Around the ring were driven four-in-hand coaches and splendid tandem teams. All day long, for each of the five days of the exhibition, there was a prancing of the hoofs of handsome animals led by gorgeously attired grooms on the tan-bark track, with the spectacle of busy gentlemen moving about among them in studious and impartial contemplation of their respective points. In addition to this there was upon every afternoon and evening an inspiriting exhibition of hurdle and bar jumping. The Garden, gaudy with festoons of racing flags and brilliant streamers, lighted at night by hundreds of electric lights, and at all times thronged with handsomely dressed ladies, was, as may be imagined, an attractive place for all classes of the community. The stabling arrangements for horses, though doubtless the best that could be devised in the limited space at hand, as far as the public's view of the animals when not on exhibition in the ring was concerned, were unsatisfactory, the horses being stalled with hind-quarters resting upon narrow passageways under the galleries, through which the spectators groped their way with little opportunity to inspect the blanketed animals on either side.

JAPANESE ETIQUETTE.

On paying a visit the polished Japanese must, on entering the house, kneel on the matting at the door of the guest-room, "with the back not too high," place both hands on the matting, with the thumbs and index fingers together, and bow—that is, crouch lower—respectfully and repeatedly, asking after the health of the visited and his family, if he is an intimate. If not, he will make his bows in silence. When the host—who has meanwhile, and also kneeling, drawn back the slides which form the room door—asks the visitor to enter, he should make several refusals, saying, "This is quite sufficient; please do not mind." This decorous, humble, deprecating demeanor, of which the short sighs or "ughs" form part, is known as *kenson*—a term taken from the Chinese, whose ancient philosophers reckoned it among the most valuable of the virtues. It is one of the notes of the true *kunshi*, or superior man, according to Confucian ethics. When at last the visitor is prevailed upon to come in, the former obeisance is repeated inside the room. These forms, of course, have their origin in the immemorial custom of sitting, squatting, and reclining on the floor in the total absence of chairs or other seats.

Conversation begins by the visitor begging pardon for deferring his visit so long; he will next say how glad he is at the continued health and happiness of his friend; then, taking out the presents he has brought, he will say, "Here is a trifle which I hope you will condescend to accept," bowing continually all the while. Tea, cakes, and smoking materials have in the mean time been produced. The presents generally consist of a small quantity of tea, cakes, candles, and so forth, always wrapped in paper, and tied with a red and white cord made of paper. A morsel of dried *awabi*, or sea-ear (*Haliotis tuberculata*), inclosed in another spear-headed piece of paper, is fixed invariably to a right-hand corner of the packet, and the characters representing the word "trifles," with the name of the donor, are written outside.

The usual dinner hours are four, six, and seven. The most trivial breaches of etiquette are unpardonable sins, and they are all gibbeted by special names. One is drinking soup immediately on receiving a bowl of it, without first depositing it on the table; another is hesitating whether to drink soup or eat something else; a third is, after eating of one dish, to commence on another without going back to the rice. For cakes the guest must be provided with pieces of paper. He should pick up a cake with the chopsticks, place it in a piece of paper, break it in two, and eat the right piece first.

These minutiæ are nothing to those of tea-drinking, or *cha no yu*, which properly takes place at noon, and the ritual of which was fixed by a master in the art who flourished in the middle of the fifteenth century. Indeed, one *sōshō*, or master in the polite arts, goes so far as to lay down, as the essentials of a tea party, purity, peace, reverence, and detachment from all earthly cares. "Without these," said this sage, "we can never hope to have a perfect tea party."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"As the staff and printers of this journal intend, from patriotic motives, to witness the coming military manœuvres," said an Austrian newspaper recently, "we beg our readers' pardon if our next number, due on Thursday, does not appear until Saturday. We advise our readers to go likewise and see the interesting spectacle." It was, of course, a newspaper printed in a small community. The apology is curious by reason of the contrast it affords to the apology commonly put forth by the American country editor when for any cause there is a delay in the issue of his paper. He suffers the delay to take place unannounced, and then says: "Just as we were going to press yesterday our first page went to pi. Anybody who knows anything about getting out a newspaper knows whether an accident like that is exasperating or not. We attended the ball match so as to restore ourself to a proper frame of mind, and then— Well, we don't care about blowing our own horn, but we'll bet that no taller type-setting was ever done in this county than was done in this office last night in order to get this paper before our readers at the earliest possible moment. Perhaps we ought not to say it, but we do feel that when an emergency arises we are pretty apt to be on deck."

The names of the roads occupying the new Dearborn Street Station in Chicago were inaccurately given in the article accompanying a picture of the building in HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 7. The roads are the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago, the Wabash, St. Louis, and Pacific, the Chicago and Grand Trunk, the Chicago and Atlantic, and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois.

Edmond About tells a charming story, which is quite untrue, of a "man with a broken ear." A true story, charming as to one of its incidents and painful as to another, comes from Vienna of a girl with a broken ear. She applied at a hospital, and complained that she had suddenly become deaf. Being urged to give particulars, she said that her sweetheart, who had been long absent from her upon a journey, on his return had pressed his lips to her ear and kissed her with considerable ardor. Her hearing was gone from that moment. An examination of the ear that had been kissed showed that the tympanum was ruptured.

A physician says that grapes should be eaten "without chewing, or skinning, or seeding, or any nonsense whatever. By far the most agreeable and satisfactory way, once accustomed to it, is to 'bolt' them about as fast as they can be comfortably swallowed, pressing the grape between the teeth so as to open up the pulp sufficiently to give us all the flavor and to lubricate the bolus." He says that this is the only wholesome way to eat grapes, and that the skins, by affording bulk, promote digestion. Another physician has declared that Welsh rarebit is good food for dyspeptics, so that the grape-skin proposition does not seem a particularly violent one, and nobody will be much surprised when water-melon seeds are recommended for the ailing, and peach and olive pits to give the stomach tone.

It was about the year 1870 that the English sparrow was introduced into this country to battle with the worms that used to drop so plentifully and unpleasantly from the shade trees. In the fifteen years that have since elapsed the sparrow has multiplied to such a degree that he himself is now called a pest. The Philadelphia *Ledger* reckons the number of sparrows that are at present here, presuming that only one pair were introduced in the spring of the year named, and that the annual increase was six pairs, the parent birds dying at the end of each year. At the end of 1870 there would have been 6 pairs; 1871, 36 pairs; 1872, 216 pairs; 1873, 1296 pairs; 1874, 7776 pairs; 1875, 46,656 pairs; 1876, 279,936 pairs; 1877, 1,679,616 pairs; 1878, 10,077,696 pairs; 1879, 60,466,175 pairs; 1880, 362,797,056 pairs; and there are now, supposing the sixfold increase to have continued uninterruptedly, 2,821,109,907,456 pairs of these little creatures with us, all descended from the single pair of emigrants of 1870.

Thomas James (colored), of Gainesville, Florida, has been married three times, and has a family of fifty-four children. It is common, of course, for children as they grow up to quit the paternal roof and strike out into the world, but thirty-three of the offspring of Mr. James still remain with him to cheer his fireside and to warm his father's heart.

An English writer, discussing American humor, says that "it is different from that of England. It has nothing in common with Fielding or Smollett or Thackeray." It is also different from French humor, because "the snob and the husband are not satirized. The American devotes his domestic jocosity to the whimsicalities of the small boy, the widow, the mother-in-law, the bully, the visionary speculator, the gamester, and the commercial traveller." It is not only true, it is likewise most apparent, that no American humorist nowadays resembles Fielding or Smollett. There is no English humorist who does, either. Times are changed and possibilities are different. A number of Americans, humorous or otherwise, would not object to a habit of writing in the manner of Thackeray. But of the list of subjects that are given by the English writer as especially the possession of the American humorist, there is not one which the English Dickens has not handled. Oliver Twist was a small boy, Mrs. Bardell was a widow, Mrs. Weller was a mother-in-law, Mr. Squeers was a bully, Mr. Micawber was a speculator in visions, and Mr. Montague Tigg a very visionary speculator; Sir Mulberry Hawk was a gamester, and the one-eyed bagman was of course a commercial traveller. Artemus Ward, a true American, on the other hand, wrote of the Tower of London, the Traitor's Gate, which he said was "wide enuf to admit about twenty traters abrest," and concerning a show of wax figures; and the late Josh Billings discoursed of hens, horse-thieves, canal-boats, the human virtues, and a whole multitude of matters that are not included in the English writer's list.

THE PART OF THE ADMINISTRATION THAT FEELS VERY MUCH INDORSED.

MR. HENDRICKS. "I regard the result in New York as a straight-out Democratic victory, *with all that that implies.*"

Murraysville

NATURAL GAS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 747.]

LA MÈRE CHAUVIN.

"There is a destiny in marriage, madame; it is the good God who arranges all that."

"You think so, Marie?"

Little Mère Chauvin has been recounting some of her vexations. She stands leaning in the doorway of the *salon*, and her mild eyes, of a gray so dark as to be almost black in shadow, are looking seaward through the open window opposite. They cloud over with tears now and then as she goes on talking, and she lifts her tiny, withered old hand to brush away the moisture. Her husband has been out of work for a long time, not because there is none to be had, or that he is lazy, but on account of a weakness in one of his legs, the result of a badly treated fracture, which prevents his helping unload the timber ships from Norway which enter the basins of the little Normandy sea-port almost daily. He is a gardener, but at this season there is no gardening, and he can do nothing to promote the comfort of the household except in the way of saving her a few steps in-doors, so that all the feeble remnants of her strength may be husbanded for her work. She earns the scanty wages which stand between the pair of them and starvation by acting as *femme de ménage* for four or five hours daily.

"He is very good, *mon pauvre bon homme*," she says; "he gets up at six every morning and makes my coffee and brings it to me in bed. And he scrubs the floor, and when we have no money at all he washes the clothes, for my chest is bad now that I am old, and I cough—I cough always. M. Le Médecin says I shall die if I do such work as that."

She is the picture of neatness, the little old woman, and at sixty still retains traces of what must once have been beauty of a mild, Madonna-like type. Her yellowish-gray hair, which was chestnut and hung down to her knees in the days when she was courted, is smoothed back from her broad high forehead under a cap immaculately starched and frilled. Her face is wrinkled and meagre, but the features are strong and clearly cut, and her expression is that of patient and thoughtful resignation.

She has two children, for whom she has worked and pinched and saved, and done her little utmost to keep as honest and upright as she is herself. But there is a strain of bad blood in them, and the girl is a hard-hearted, and, rumor says, a not well-conducted hussy, who has at present a good situation in London, from where she sends not even a letter to the old people, much less a sou.

"She is ungrateful, *ma fille*," Marie says; "she has gone away and forgotten me. I have her address, and I have written twice, three times, but she answers never a word. She has a character like her father, hard and careless of others. However, he has a good heart, my husband, and so has she. If one asks something of her, she will give all she has. But when she sees suffering she laughs; and if there is death, she turns her back and runs away. Me—I weep when I see any one in pain or trouble, and I do all I can to relieve them. *Mon garçon* is better. He is even too sensitive for a man. He is a painter, and had work at Havre all last winter, and but for the ten francs he sent me every month we would have starved, *mon pauvre mari* and me. The work is ended now, and he is at home. He says he will go away to America if he does not find something to do this month."

The tears start again.

"Oh, no! no!" she says, as if deprecating some invisible power—"not to America. It is so far, and I am so old! I should never see him again, and he is more than all the rest of the world to me, *mon fils*. I would rather he married, and I don't want him to marry either."

"Does he think about it? How old is he?"

"Twenty-four, madame. Yes, he is betrothed, and to a good honest girl who will have six hundred francs to her *dot*. She is a servant, and she has her savings also, and so has he. He has some furniture too, which he bought, and some that he made, and she has her bed and her linen. I do all for him now that he has no work, and that I begin to gain a little. 'Keep thy sous,' I say to him, 'and marry quickly, and stay near thy mother till thou bury her.' He is very particular, my boy; his shirts, his collars, must be ironed just so; and when I have no *fricot* to give him with his bread he grumbles. The young are like that. My poor old man was the same in days gone by, but now he says nothing, and takes what the good God sends."

"Does it cost much to keep you?"

"That depends. When I have any money I arrange in my mind in the mornings before I get up what I must do with it. Three sous always for tobacco for my husband, and four pays for their cider. When there are no sous they drink water, like me. I never touch the cider; it gives me a bad stomach. I never spend more than fifteen sous for the *fricot*. The *fricot*, madame? It is the meat, or the fish, or eggs, or vegetables, to go with the bread. I owe fifty francs now for bread, and my rent has not been paid since Christmas. Happily I have credit. All the world knows I am honest, and that I have always paid my debts. I have earned my living all my days, and often that of my husband and my children."

"That is hard; it is the husband who should do that when he is able."

"One can't choose, madame. One makes a choice once for all at the beginning, and then it is finished. It is always the same; we desire our happiness, but we run quick, quick, toward our misery. That is why I say there is a destiny in marriage. The good God is not willing that we should be too happy in this life."

"You think so?"

"But I know so. Look at me, for example. I was fourteen when I was asked in marriage the first time, and he was only three years older. 'Wilt hold thy tongue?' my mother said to him; 'thou art nothing but a boy.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'it is true; but when I am grown up she shall be my wife.' He was rich, madame, and his father and mother were dead. He had only a brother, who was married already, and a farm close by my mother's house, and not far from the château where I had gone to service when I was twelve. We had grown up together, and I loved him much."

"And did you marry him?"

"Not at all, madame. But he was always asking me. 'Shall it be at Pâques?' he would say at Noël; and 'Shall it be at Noël?' when Pâques came round again. For me, I laughed always. 'I want no husband,' I said. 'I am very happy as I am. Besides, my mother is not willing.' 'We will serve a summons on her,' he would answer, 'and she will be forced to give her consent.' But no, I would never do that. Afterward, when I went to live in Jersey with my English mistress, he wrote to me twice every month. I was twenty-four then. But letters cost fourteen sous apiece, and after a year or two I said to myself, 'I can't be spending all my money in foolishness like this.' So I wrote and told him my mistress was going to live in London, and he must not write any more until I sent him the new address."

"Well, and after that."

"It wasn't true, you know, madame. We were not going to London then at all. I only wanted to save us both the expense of postage. Then he began going every day to see my mother and ask, 'Have you any news of Marie? has she written to give you her address?' And *maman* always answered, 'No, I have not heard a word; it is very droll.' However, I wrote to my mother all the time, but she knew I did not want to keep on sending letters to him, and, besides, she never wished me to marry him. She said he was too jealous, and that I would never be happy with him. And one day he said to her: 'Do you know what I think? Marie has changed very much in her character since she went to London. She is not true to me. *Elle est collée avec un autre gar.*'"

"What did he mean by that? Did he think you were going to be married?"

"*Du tout*, madame. He knew very well I could not marry without my mother's consent, and he believed I never wrote her any more. He thought I was not an honest girl, that I was light, and that I did not dare to send a letter home on that account. Oh, but I was angry when that letter came! I showed it to my mistress, and I said, 'Look, then, what my lover thinks of me!' Hast thou a mind like that, *mon garçon?* Away with thee! And I wrote him then, but I gave him no address. I said only: 'I thank you very much. Burn all my letters, for I am going to be married in fifteen days.'"

"You couldn't have loved him very much?"

"But yes, madame; I loved him with all my heart. I have loved him all my life better than any one else—better than my husband. If I saw him now I should love him still. But what right had he to think such a thing of me?"

"What did he do?"

"He enlisted. He had never been a soldier, for it was not then as it is now, when we have a republic, and every one has to do his service whether he will or no. If one drew a lucky number he was free, and could stay at home. But now he enlisted, and was sent away to Africa."

"And is he dead?"

"I don't know, madame. I never saw him again. Then there was another, in Jersey, who wanted to marry me. He was an English soldier, and he had five medals that he had won in the Crimea. He was wounded there, too, and had been nursed by a French Sister of Charity, and he said that after knowing her he had made up his mind to marry a French woman if ever he took a wife, because the *bonne sœur* had been so good to him. He was in the Queen's service, in the Commissariat Department, and he had four thousand francs saved up already, and gained two thousand more every year. He used to come and take tea with my master and mistress, and ask them to speak for him, because he knew hardly a word of French, 'Coot-morning, my luf,' he would say when I met him, or, 'Coot-night, my luf.' And, '*Belle Française*, if you will marry me you shall have a silk dress and a fine bonnet.' But no; I could not marry him. 'You are Protestant and I am Catholic,' I said, 'and that would never do.' 'That is nothing, *belle Française*. I will go with you to the chapel and get myself made into a Catholic, and marry you *tout de suite*, if that is all.'"

"And that didn't tempt you?"

"Oh, madame, he was so big!" Marie turns her eyes up to the ceiling as if in search of an adequate standard of comparison. "And he had a great beard almost to his waist—he was like the Wandering Jew. And I thought to myself, 'He is so big and strong, and I am so *petite*. Suppose he should be wicked. He could kill me in a minute. No, I will not.' So I thanked him and said, no, I never meant to marry. And I did not; I was always so happy with my mistresses. I had never but two. I went to live with Madame la Comtesse, the *châtelaine* of our village, after my father died, when I was twelve. Afterward I went with her to Nantes, and when she died I entered the English family. I am a Vendean, from near Poitou. One of my cousins was grand vicar of the diocese of Luçon, and another was a priest of the community of St. Laurent. But for him I would have been a nun."

"You wanted to?"

"Always, madame, ever since I was very little. When I went first to live with the countess the ladies who came to visit her would say, 'Your little maid, madame, looks like the holy Virgin, so modest and so pure; she was made for the convent.' And indeed I wanted to go there; but my cousin the priest said to me: 'It is not the life for you, my little Marie. You are so weak, so delicate, and the rules are very strict. You would have to fast too much and work too hard. Stay in the world; you are a good girl, and you can be pious and serve the good God just as well there, with half the labor.' I was always very obedient, and I did not go. Besides, I had no *dot*, and if I entered it would have had to be as a lay sister, and it was for that he dissuaded me. But I regret it. The life is peaceful, and has no anxieties, and never could I have worked harder anywhere than I have done in the world, where I have been full of pains and troubles ever since I married."

"How did you happen to change your mind about marriage? Did you fall in love?"

"*Du tout, du tout*, madame. We came back from Jersey to La Manche, and there I had three come a-courting me. There was, first of all, a shoemaker, who had a good house and a good trade, and everything comfortable about him. He was very determined, and he wrote and asked me over and over again. He was lame in one leg. And then there was a thatcher, and he was well off too, but he drank too much. There was my husband's mother also. She used to come after the refuse of the table for her pigs, and after a while she began saying to me, 'Will you marry, Mademoiselle Marie? My son is a widower, and he earns a good living as a gardener in Paris; but if you will say the word, I will send for him to come here.' My master used to make a joke of it, and say, 'Well, Marie, which of the three is it to be—the shoe-maker? You will never go barefoot.' And I said, 'But, monsieur, would I take a man with only one leg?' 'Ah! I see; it is the thatcher.' 'No, monsieur; his elbow is too crooked with carrying *un petit verre* so often to his mouth.' 'But isn't she the little mocker?' he would say to madame. 'It is the gardener she wants.' I wanted nobody at all, but his mother kept at me, and at last I said, 'It will be time enough to make up my mind when I see him'; but still I did not think that she would write for him. She did, though, and in six weeks we were married."

"But why? I am sure you must have fallen in love with him, or you would not have given up so all at once."

"No, madame; not at all. I don't know why I married, except because my time for it had come. I was thirty-three then, and I thought to myself, 'Marie, thou art getting old. It is all very well to be a servant when one is young, but the day is coming when thou wilt be feeble, and they will search for some one who is young and strong. It is time for thee to make a position, *un chez toi*.' So I married a rough peasant who had nothing at all. The wedding feast was in the *salon* of my mistress, and the next day after we came here. Oh, madame, I was so unhappy! For months I did nothing but cry."

"What for?"

"Everything was so different, madame. I had been used to have all things tidy and clean about me, and I was very neat and orderly in my person and my ways. And my husband was rough; he took no care of himself; he was brutal. To this day I wash him, I comb him, I tie his cravat, or it would never be done at all, or not more than once a week. And he swore great oaths that I never heard before, and worst of all, he was jealous—oh, so jealous! I could not speak to any one, or laugh, or go out in the street. I could not even comb my hair nor wear a gown. He would have me always in my sacque and petticoat, for he said I was too coquettish, and wanted others to look at me. And I, who had been so careful and so neat! I could not bear to go to market with my hair in a snarl and my dirty apron over a camisole and a short skirt, but if I did not he swore at me, and said I was trying to make the men think me beautiful. Even when I was on his arm on the jetty of a Sunday, if any one gave me the good-day, or looked at me in passing, as they would, because I was a stranger in the place, he would say they were my lovers. Sometimes he would threaten to come home out of hours from his work, because he said he knew he should find I was playing him false. 'And then I will cut thy throat, my little Marie,' he would say. Me! who, when my master and mistress gave me to him they said, 'She has been with us for nine years, always good, always honest. Try to make her happy, for it is not often one gets a wife like her.' Oh, but I was angry! 'Thinkst thou that I am like thy mother?' I said to him. She had been light, madame, but I knew it not when I married him. Figure to yourself, madame: never have I worn my wedding shawl nor my wedding bonnet in all these years. The first Christmas I took them out of my wardrobe and put them on, for I wanted to receive the Holy Communion, but he tore them off. '*Pas de coquettrie!*' he said. 'Thou art my wife and not a fine lady. Go in thy cotton bonnet and thy tricot, or stay at home.' It is in my wardrobe yet, the nice cashmere shawl I bought in London before I ever dreamed of marrying, and the fine blue cashmere robe that went with it. I have never had them on since. That was his sister's fault as much as his. Oh, but she was wicked! She lives here, but in four years we have never darkened each other's door. She used to say to him, 'My poor brother, thou hast not the right kind of a wife at all. She is too coquette—she has the fine clothes and the fine airs. Do but look at her in the street! Her gown is spick and span, and she walks as if she had a dozen eggs under her feet and were afraid of breaking them on the pavement. And then her rings! Take them away, my poor brother, and sell them. Are they fit for a peasant's wife?' And they all went, every one of them, and the watch my mistress gave me. Yet they were mine—not his at all. And that was not the worst, either. I bought a china wash-bowl and pitcher with my own money. One may have a toilet table though one is not a lady, and it is good to be always clean. But he broke them in pieces and threw them out of the door. 'Dost think,' he said to me, 'that thou art still in thy château? This is the house of a working-man, and I will have no such frippery in it. Go down to the pump in the court if thou must needs have thy face cleaner than an honest woman would care to.' Oh, I cried and cried, and I prayed, and by-and-by, when we began to grow old, my husband was kinder to me. He saw at last that I was not a bad woman, that I took care of my house and my children, and was always ready to earn when he could not do it, and never gave any one occasion to say a word that was not good. He used to shut me up in the house after mass on Sundays the first years, and then I staid all alone while he was off amusing himself with the others."

"Do you mean he locked you in?"

"No; but he told me not to go out, and I obeyed him. I would not make a fuss and let any one know I was disappointed and unhappy."

"Not even him?"

"Oh yes, madame. How could I help it? 'Had I known men were like thee,' I said, 'never would I have married.' For four months after we were man and wife there was not a day when I would not have run away to my mistress if I could have found her and she would have taken me back. After a while my children came, and in time my back got fitted to my burden. My husband was not all bad, you know. He had some very good qualities. He never beat me, and he never got drunk, and he was always faithful. But he was not like me. I was so ambitious, so anxious to work and to save and to lay by something for our old age and our children, and he was content with little and careless for to-morrow. Now we are old, and we have not a sou—not even enough to pay for a grave. And then he was so jealous! To think of throwing off my first lover for that cause, and then taking up with him! Said I not there was a destiny in marriage, madame?"

"Tell me, Marie, did you ever let him know about that other?"

"Never, madame; he would have killed me. He would never have believed that what I said was true. And yet, though I had known my lover always—from infancy—I never even so much as let him kiss me. I was always reserved, always polite with him and all the world, but nothing more. My mother trained me that way. Once I went with Madame la Comtesse to visit another lady at her château, and she gave a dinner party. 'Let Marie serve at table,' she said to my mistress, 'for my maid is from the country, and she is not elegant like Marie.' So I waited on them—and the brother of the lady was there. It was at Angers, and he was an officer in the army. He stared at me all the dinner; and afterward, when the rest went out in the garden, he staid behind; and as I passed him in gathering up the plates he laid five louis on the top of the pile. 'Take that, my pretty Marie,' he said, 'and buy a new gown with it.' 'Do I want your money, M. le Colonel?' said I; and I tipped up the plate, and away the louis ran over the floor. Back came madame from the garden in great haste. She had heard the crash, and thought something was broken. 'Hast thou smashed the glasses?' she cried. 'But no, madame; it is the money of monsieur your brother, which he has let fall upon the ground.' 'Never take a gift from them,' my mother told me. 'Never let them come near or lay a hand upon thee.' And later on, when I lived in Jersey, and had learned a little English, I found out for myself that she was right. I used to hear the talk when I was serving the gentlemen at my master's table; and they all thought I could understand nothing because I was French. But I heard—I heard. The men are all barbarous at heart, madame. I don't like them. The women are better, except when they resemble the men."

"Tell me, Marie, did your first lover ever marry?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think you were too careful of your sous; or that it would at least have been better to have given him the true reason for not writing, and to have married him in the end?"

"I don't know, madame. I have no regrets about it. Affection comes with marriage after a while when one is faithful. I am happier with my husband, now that we are old, than when I was younger."

"And yet you told me you loved the other still, and better than any one in the world."

"It is very true; but that was a friendship of infancy, not like the other at all. No, I don't regret that; I regret the Englishman with the long beard. If I had married him I should have wanted for nothing. I should have had money always, and not had to work so hard and suffer so much as I have done. But it was not to be. I had to wait for my fate, and take it when it came."

"And you think it is God who arranges all that. What for, do you suppose?"

"To prove us, madame; to try us, and to see whether we are worthy of heaven. If one takes all that and renders thanks to God for it, then He blesses them, and when they have worked enough and suffered enough, He takes them out of it. It would never do to be too happy in this life—we would never try to get ready for a better one. I never ask the good God for happiness; I ask only to be able to pay my debts, to be contented with poverty, to be always honest and faithful. It is wicked to pray for death, though sometimes when I have nothing but a crust to give my husband, when there isn't a sou for his tobacco, and my rent has not been paid in months, I do say sometimes that I wish it were all over. But that is a sin, and when I lie down at night and begin to make my preparation for death, I ask Him to forgive me. 'No, my poor Marie,' I say to myself, 'thou hast not worked enough yet; thou hast not expiated all thy sins. A little more patience, and the good God will release thee.'"

The great bell of St. Léonard's rings out the

angelus as Marie reaches this point, and she crosses herself and looks up at the clock.

"It is mid-day that sounds," she says, "and I must go home and make the dinner for *mon pauvre bon homme*. He is waiting there for it all alone while I recount my love affairs. *Bonjour*, madame." ELIZABETH G. MARTIN.

THE GAS WELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"I AM swart with the soot of my chimneys," wrote Mr. RICHARD REALF in 1867, in his "Hymn of Pittsburgh." But the revolution wrought since that time by natural gas affects everything, from poetry to soot, and the more definitely the facts of this revolution are made plain, the more romantic does the story of the utilization of this extraordinary new economic agent become. Already men who are not visionaries are making plans to supply all the large Eastern cities either with an illuminant made of natural gas or with "water-gas," which they think, by reason of its cheapness, will supersede other illuminants, while by reason not only of its cheapness, but likewise of other qualities that are not less desirable in a fuel, natural gas seems likely to make western Pennsylvania the home of such extensive manufactories, and so many of them, that its present prodigious industries will by comparison appear insignificant. It has put even bigger dreams in men's minds than the discovery of oil did. Already the Philadelphia company has $4,000,000 invested in gas wells and pipe lines. There are other companies of no inconsiderable importance, and new ones are organizing. Six hundred miles of pipe have been laid, preparations are making to supply 10,000 more dwellings than now use it, and the daily consumption is already equal to 10,000 tons of coal. Yet so cheap is it, it is not measured in Pittsburgh with any effort to be exact, manufacturers paying for it, not by any measure of the quantity used, but by the amount of their manufactured product, and housekeepers, not by meter, but per house. Yet within "piping" distance of Pittsburgh it is estimated that 70,000,000 cubic feet, which as fuel is equal to 70,000 bushels of coal, goes to waste every day.

A gas well is bored in the same way as an oil well. At a depth of about 1300 feet the "deposit" of gas is struck, and as soon as it finds relief it shoots up with such force as to project the drill into the air, and to throw up a great cloud of sand. Then comes the gas itself, with a roaring sound which, if the pressure be great, can be heard for miles. The mains attached to the outlet convey it to Pittsburgh and Allegheny City. The friction of the gaseous fluid is such as to have required a number of ingenious devices to regulate its conveyance. There are "stations" on the pipe lines where waste-pipes are inserted, and the flow is kept under control. At places of consumption, too, there are waste-pipes, where the surplus gas burns day and night, and does incidental service as an "illuminator." The mains are of wrought iron, and are from ten to sixteen inches in diameter. The present consumption is the product of about fifty wells. The price paid for it in Allegheny City is ten cents per 1000 feet. It costs about $100 a year to heat a dwelling of ten rooms, and it is estimated that every housekeeper saves $100 a year by its use, which was formerly spent in the more frequent cleansing and painting that the use of coal made necessary. If this calculation be correct, gas has made heat free in every cleanly household. The price in the town of Clarion for domestic use is for a cook stove per annum $26 66; for a cook stove and a heating stove, $40; and for a cook stove and five heating stoves, $66 66. The saving in the cost of fuel for manufacturing purposes is reckoned at from thirty to fifty per cent.

The pressure is reduced in transmission at the rate of about seven pounds per mile, so that a pressure of 200 pounds at a well ceases to exert itself at a distance of thirty miles, and it takes twenty-five cubic feet of natural gas to weigh a pound. These facts have an important bearing, of course, on the possibility of conveying this fuel a greater distance than thirty or forty miles. This seems to make all plans to carry it to the Atlantic coast cities impracticable. But its conveyance as well as its utilization is yet in the experimental stage, and experiments are continually made by persons who hope to illuminate Philadelphia and New York from these gas wells. Mr. WESTINGHOUSE has a habit of entertaining his friends with experiments in regulating the pressure of his well, known as "Old Number One." He shuts off the gas for a brief period, and then releases it, when it shoots up in a volcanic flame, and with a noise that arouses all his neighbors.

The fear that the supply may be exhausted has suggested to the companies that own the pipe lines the practicability of manufacturing a gas fuel in case the flow of the wells should cease. The refuse coal at the mines could be manufactured into a fuel gas at a cost of not more than ten cents per 1000 feet. Crude petroleum can be converted into a gas for fuel at an even less cost than this; and the owners of the wells have made or purchased inventions for substituting an artificial product for this natural fuel in case the wells should fail. Their experiments, and the study of the subject that their experiments have led to, have suggested the several devices for making of natural gas a satisfactory illuminant, and also for making water-gas. If the subterranean supply should be exhausted, the western Pennsylvanians have no fear that they will be obliged to return to their sooty and smoky estate of former years, and nature may give them a hint which will save half the present cost of fuel in a much wider territory. When to economy in fuel is added a benefit of no less importance, namely, the making of better iron and steel and glass and other manufactured articles than can be made with coal, and that new advantages continue to be discovered, it becomes plain how this new natural agent has power also to stimulate the imagination.

And it has suggested the possibility of a tragedy that would put the destruction of Pompeii to shame. What, it is asked, if after these subterranean reservoirs shall have been emptied of gas—what if these counties should tumble in to fill up the great vacuum? But where nature is so prodigal, whether men derive fear or security from geological speculations, they are disposed to trust to the stability of the earth.

A DOZEN POSTALS AND ONE REMARK.

By H. L. BRADLEY.

To Elisabeth Howard's most particular friend:

October 1st.

DEAR H.,—I am going to stay in town for a few weeks. Cousin Mary Ann has just left me four houses and a barn. I think it will be better at first if I attend to the tenants myself. The barn I have let to a wholesale grocer. Poor dear Mary Ann's kindness has given me quite a surplus income. As soon as things are well settled I shall go to Europe for six months. I want you to go with me. All expenses paid by me, or at least by poor Mary Ann. Don't buy any clothes. I will get them for you in Paris. E. H.

Ten postals to Miss Elisabeth Howard from her tenants:

I.

Oct 2.

DEAR MADAME,—Something must be done about the man over my head. He has a fiddle. If he could play I wouldn't say a world but he cant. I can stand it week days, but Sundays I should like *peace.*

His wife when she washes the back stairs puts on too much water, it runs into my pantry. Last Saturday I lost a custard pie and a quart of milk

TERESA FOGG.

II.

City Oct 4th

DEAR MADAME,—I have vacaketed your house on account of the Gas and as soon as convenient I will call up and pay you for the rent

Yours in haste

F. A. FOOTE

P. S.

The gas smells so I could not stay.

III.

DEAR MISS HOWARD,—We have bought a large book-case and should like the wall between the parlor and small bedroom removed to make an alcove for it Very respectfully

JAMES WILSON

Oct 5th

IV.

To the landlord or landlady.

I hear you have a small rent to let. I should like the refusal of it. I think it best to take a small rent, I want to live with in my means, every body ought to. For recommendation my wife is a member of the 1st Baptist church

SIMON WHEELER

October 9th

V.

Oct 10

DEAR MADAME,—My front door is the hottest place in America. Miss Mary Ann always said the sun ought to be moved for me. My Aunt had a sun stroke ringing the bell. The paint is all peeled. I want it fixed

AUGUSTA TOY.

P. S. My husband thinks it would be for your interest to build an arbor around the door.

A. TOY.

VI.

Oct 13

DEAR MISS,—My house leaks like a sieve. I wouldn't say anything about it, only a gentleman who has hired a room which helps me pay my rent is weak in his lungs last night it rained right on to his bed—

JANE HAM.

VII.

Oct 14.

DEAR MADAME,—You are a rich woman, I am a poor one. If I move out to-morrow as I may do, should you expect me to pay a full months rent? With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again.

MRS. MELISSA HIGGINS

P.S. Do you know of any one who wants plain sewing done.

VIII.

Oct, 20

DEAR MADAME,—We have lived in this house twelve years, and the cellar has always been damp. Miss Mary Ann intended to put in a cement floor this fall. We hope you will remember that it was her wish to have the cellar cemented.

Respt. JAMES WILSON

IX.

Oct. 25th.

DEAR MADAME,—Sorry to trouble you, but the barn floor has given way, been rotten for some time. ROBERT SCOTT.

Telephone 691.

X.

Oct. 27.

DEAR MADAME,—My daughter and I have gagged all night with the sore throat. The doctor says it is the sewer gas in the house, and that you ought to pay his bill. I think so too. You told my husband this house was healthy.

MRS. S. WHEELER.

I am the Mrs. Wheeler whose head was cut open falling on the ice last winter. You must have read it in the papers.

Miss Elisabeth Howard to her most particular friend:

Oct. 30—

DEAR H.,—We can not go to Europe, at least not on my rents. If I go anywhere it will be first to the Insane Asylum and then to the Poor House.

ELISABETH.

Remark by the hired girl, who always reads the postals: "Blessed be nothing!"

LIFE UNDER THE DUMPS.

OF all the queer and improper places that poverty compels men to inhabit, the homes on the city wharves, pictured on another page, are the most peculiar, if not the most unpleasant. It will surprise even those who dwell within a few blocks of these city dumps—as the Street-cleaning Bureau's wharves are called—to know that men live in such crowded, unsavory, and unlikely quarters, for the fact is not generally known. A recent change in the system of handling the city's refuse has brought about this peculiar state of affairs, and as that was slow in bringing it about, the curious homes in question are among the newest of what may be called the curiosities of metropolitan life. The dumps are platforms ten or more feet above the flooring of ordinary piers. An inclined roadway, up which the ash-carts are hauled, leads in each case to the platform, and over the edge of the platform the loads of ashes and household refuse are "dumped" upon the scows tethered to the wharf below. Hence the name "dump" or "dumping station" given to these wharves, of which there are fourteen—nine on the east side and five on the west side.

Only Italians will do the work upon the scows. Every other sort of human labor obtainable in the city has been tried and found wanting. Some would not do the work, and others could not. The Irishmen, Germans, and others were sickened by the effluvia which they could not escape during the journeys out to sea, where the loads are shovelled overboard. Other laborers, poor and desperately in need though they were, threw down their picks and declined to make a second day's trial of the work. This was during a strike two or three years ago, and since then the city has returned to the former method of employing Italian labor, and is not likely to obtain any other. It is understood that the city deals with only one Italian, a contractor, who secures the right to furnish the labor of his countrymen by putting in a lower bid than any one else. The labor here referred to is that of emptying the scows. But they have to be trimmed, as the sailors say, before they are sent to sea; that is, there must be men to shovel the refuse evenly on the deck of the scows as it falls from the ash carts. This is also done by Italians, and it is dirtier and more offensive work than the other, because the trimmers must constantly endure a cloud of ashes and the bad odor of the other waste as well. For the privilege of supplying these trimmers an Italian contractor pays something like $10,000 a year. The city pays nothing to the men, who are on the contractor's pay-roll, and who make his profit for him by picking out of the mounds of barrel contents all the riffraff of the city which can be sold and worked over anew or into some product of economic science.

It is these trimmers whose homes the artist has sketched. To enter one of these strange habitations the curious visitor must first climb over a great hill of empty fruit, vegetable, and fish tins or cans, must pick his way between heaps of old iron and piles of bottles, among bags of rags and waste paper, hillocks of bones and strange assortments of glass, leather, metal, and, in fact, whatever there is that is not utterly worthless, or that was not destroyed when once used. All day long these trimmers, each with a basket or pail by his side, sort out the odds and ends that their employer can sell. The bones are said to bring the most money. They come back to New York in the shape of animal charcoal for use in distilleries and sugar refineries, as tooth-brush handles, buttons, paper-cutters, and a thousand-and-one things. The metal is melted into bars for use again, the rags and the paper become new paper, and the bottles are cleaned and used once more. What the delvers are paid is the contractor's secret. What jewelry, pocket-books, loose coin, and little portable valuables they find are their gains.

At noon the men quit the refuse heaps and eat their luncheons in the cabins arranged under the dumps. Some of them have their wives in the cabins, turning these ill-favored spots into something more like homes than the mere bunkers in which the single men live, eating dry bread and whatever comes already cooked, and sleeping either on old bedding, looking as if it had been rescued from the refuse, or on rags that certainly have been so obtained. Where there are women there are stoves, and attempts are made, with shelves and a cot or two, and plates and knives, and even little lithographs, at home-like effects and comfort. In most of these dumps there are no women. In others the sleeping-places are mere conveniences, since the men are reported to have homes and families in the Italian quarter, to which they sometimes go. Just after one of these places was pictured the other day two little children came out of the open front of one of these cabins to play. Their play-ground was the stringer of the wharf—a foot wide!

The dumps are whitewashed frequently by these same Italians who live under them; and a clerk at one dump said that the Health Board inspectors come every now and then to see that nothing injurious to health is permitted to lie about the premises.

"And does the Health Board permit men and women to live in such places?"

"In such places!" the clerk repeated, in unfeigned surprise. "Why, many a family in Fifth Avenue might well envy those people. They have no sewer gas, no unwholesome tainted air of crowded neighborhoods, no bad plumbing, no unhealthful surroundings of any sort. One side of their home is open to the pure air that blows over the river, and the running water is beneath them. Sickness may be said to be unknown among those who do the work around the dumps."

It is to be hoped that the Italians who can not speak, in English, for themselves, are as well pleased with their surroundings. As for the artist and the rest whose business has ever brought them near a dump, the least that can be said is that "distance lends enchantment to the view" of them.

It would naturally occur to any one who had not investigated the subject that the waste of a great city like New York must be enormous. Where so many persons are gathered, even the extravagant and prodigal, few as they must be in this working world when compared with the whole population, comprise a great many in a city of a million and a half. But it is not the folly of these few that one would imagine to be the chief source of the great waste of the city so much as the accumulated trifles of surplusage and refuse that amount to little when the contribution of a single person or even of a household is concerned, but that must form a little mint of value when all is put together. Think of the veriest trifles, the pins or the nails, for instance, that are thrown away, dropped by accident, swept out in house-cleaning, or that are in one way or other lost by those who bought them, and yet that are either good for the uses for which they were made, or because of the metal that they are made of, and that keeps its value when the implement itself is useless!

But how different the fact is! Waste there is, and great waste, too, despite the philosopher's assertion that "nothing is lost in the universe"; but the waste we speak of is rather in the villages and smaller cities than in the great ones such as New York. Take as many towns of ten thousand inhabitants each as are necessary to form the number of people that New York contains, and then you will actually have something like the wanton destruction of property that one naturally credits to the Empire City, but in that city you find the subject of waste interesting a class of citizens who devote themselves to thriving upon and at the same time preventing it. It would not pay a store-keeper on Eighth Avenue to sell the bones that go as refuse from his table at home, or to hoard the fat his housekeeper discards from the butcher's meat, or to gather the waste pins, buttons, rags, bits of paper, or odds and ends of metal that find their way into his ash barrel. At the end of a year he would have a few barrelfuls of trash of such a miscellaneous character that he would have to find a dozen different sorts of dealers to rid him of it, and from each he would obtain only a few cents at the most. So it is with the cities of ten thousand inhabitants; it does not pay any one in them to save the combined refuse of all. The mountain of New York's waste, on the other hand, is so commanding that it attracts the attention of the economical, the ingenious, the unfortunate, and those whom nature seems to have designed as grovellers. They swarm upon its top and sides, and while they delve and pick into and at it, they find it grows beneath them, and gives them constant occupation and profit as well.

When the artist of HARPER'S WEEKLY was making a sketch of the singular habitations of the Italians who live under one of the city's dumps on the water front, a rag-picker was passing along the water-side street poking into boxes and barrels for rags or bits of paper; a very little boy with a very big bag was chasing a coal cart and picking up stray coals that bounced from the top of the loaded and bumping vehicle; a little girl, ragged and barefooted, was picking up the chips that flew from before the adze of a carpenter at work on a neighboring wharf; and a junk-man, pushing a hand-cart, rivalled with the melody of a cracked voice the jangling discord of his string of bells. Not two blocks distant was a great stone-yard whose contents were second-hand building stones, the refuse of tenements pulled down to make room for business blocks or for modern French-flat houses, certain to yield more profit by covering more ground and reaching higher in air than the doomed old-time dwellings had done. In the same neighborhood also was the yard of a dealer in second-hand beams, window-frames, doors, posts, planks, and other parts of frame houses and other buildings similarly fated. And so in a hundred ways the economical side of the case presented itself, and contradicted the impression that wealth was being carelessly thrown aside by the million. There was in the artist's path a sort of nautical trash basket, where anchors, chains, ropes, and belaying-pins, discarded by merchantmen of a thousand ports, were on sale, and in front and above them all, over the doorway, hung two rusty sabres and a battered musket saved from the waste of war.

SONG.

IF we had never met, dear,
Would we have loved as now?
Or lived in vain regret, dear,
Apart, we know not how?

I can not understand, dear,
The riddle of my life;
Why *he* has now your hand, dear,
And you are not my wife.

If hearts are wed by fate, dear,
And ordered things befall,
Why did we meet too late, dear?—
Why did we meet at all?

R. H. STODDARD.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The great Chrysanthemum Show which for three days filled Horticultural Hall with a blaze of color was one of the finest exhibitions of the kind ever seen in this country. On the main floor of the hall were massed hundreds of the low or bush chrysanthemums, loaded with blossoms of every imaginable color and shade. On the platform at the southern end groups of the tree or standard variety held erect their slender stems, whose boughs were crowned with fewer but, if possible, even more magnificent flowers. When the visitor, satiated with the mass of color and form displayed in the main hall, descended to the basement, he found long tables loaded with cut flowers. Here, tastefully arranged, were exhibited the very choicest specimens of the many varieties of chrysanthemums and new seedlings, showing marvellous diversity of form and structure.

POMPONS AND MARGUERITES.

Although the chrysanthemum has been raised in this country for many years, and is now a favorite decorating flower, it is safe to say that most people know very little about it. The chrysanthemum has been known in Europe for about two centuries, and was first brought from Japan, under the name of *Matricaria japonica maxima*. It belongs to the great order of *Compositæ*, and was introduced into Holland in 1689. BREYNIUS, a great botanist of that time, describes it as having flowers of yellow, white, blush, purple, and crimson. The Pompon type of single flowers was noticed by RHEEDE, a Hollander, in 1699. LINNÆUS, in 1753, refers to the Sinensis, a type having large white flowers, and to the Indicum, with double and single yellow flowers.

Up to the beginning of the present century chrysanthemums received little attention as a decorative plant, but were considered valuable simply for their medicinal properties. After they had begun to be cultivated for decorative purposes there was some discussion as to what they should be called. The name finally decided upon was chrysanthemum, from *chrysos*, gold or golden, and *anthos*, flower.

When commerce opened with China in 1800, many plants and seeds found their way to other countries. There is no record of their introduction into America; but many varieties have been found in gardens on Long Island which have grown there for over fifty years. The Pompon variety, a native of northern India, was introduced into Europe as Chusan daisies in 1859.

The chrysanthemum is the national flower of China and Japan. In November of each year thousands of plants are exhibited in the streets of those countries. Most of them are single-stemmed, and bear immense flowers ten to twelve inches in diameter. To raise the plants successfully they should be set out in April and May. The flower begins to form about the last of August or the beginning of September, and reaches perfection during October, November, and December. Chrysanthemums are annuals and perennials, but are mostly raised anew each year from cuts or seeds.

The primitive type, consisting of a yellow disk surrounded by ray florets or outside petals, is almost analogous to our common field daisy. From this type up to the present time over 3000 varieties have been produced by hybridization, the doubling of the flowers being effected by the turning of the florets into true petals.

The four distinctive types of chrysanthemum are the Chinese, Japanese, Pompon, and Anemone—a variety of pompon. It is extremely difficult to distinguish between some varieties of the Chinese and Japanese. The distinctive characteristic of the Chinese is its regular form and directly radiating incurved petals. In the Japanese variety the petals are generally longer, and start from a whorl. The Pompon type is a native of northern India, and takes its name from its resemblance to a pompon. The Anemone-flowered is a species of Pompon, preserving the distinctive characteristic of this type in the centre, but having one to several rows of outer petals.

CHRYSANTHEMUM WITH TUBULAR PETALS.

Among the plants on exhibition at the show perhaps the most noticeable both for richness of color and for large size were the Japanese standards; Comte de Germiny, whose large flowers without were of a creamy white, and within a terra-cotta shade; Madame C. Audeguier, with blossoms of blush pink; Bend d'Or, a stately plant covered with golden balls six inches in diameter; the Julius Scharff, flaunting blossoms of deep silvery amaranth; and l'Incomparable, whose bloom of old-gold and rich crimson fairly glowed amid the plants of less pronounced hue surrounding it.

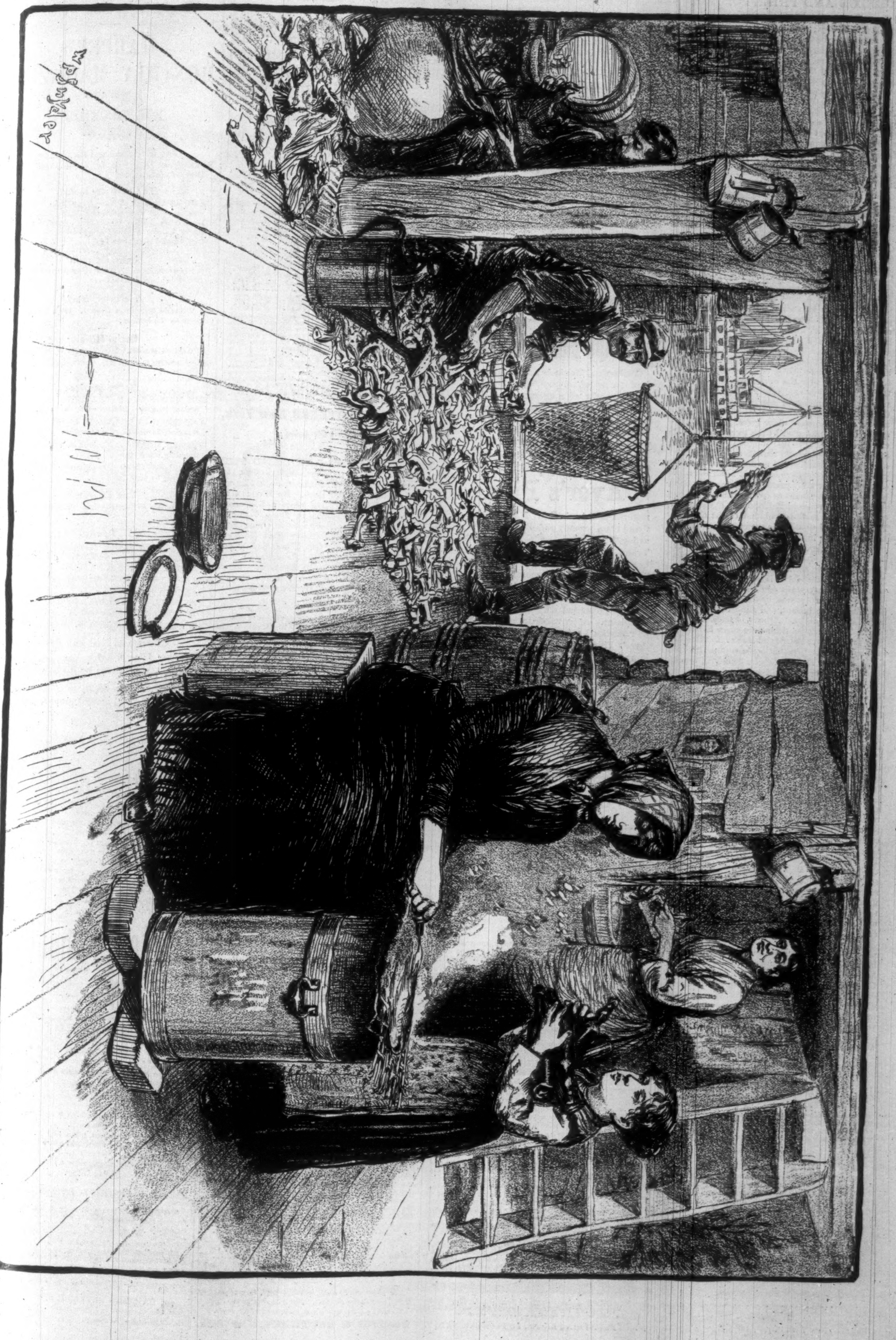
The finest specimens among the bush or low chrysanthemums were the President Cleveland, three feet in diameter, loaded with hundreds of pure white blossoms, and the Mrs. R. Brett, a new American seedling, with plume-like flowers of a deep golden shade.

Many varieties of the Anemone-flowered and Pompons were also exhibited.

The most marvellous specimen of the raisers' skill in the cut flower exhibit was the new seedling, Porcupine, grown by Mr. JOHN THORPE, of East Hinsdale, New York. This flower was of terra-cotta shade, with entirely tubular petals, and is the first specimen with entirely tubular petals ever produced.

Mr. THORPE also exhibited six seedlings which are as yet undeveloped. The flowers of these have petals divided at the ends into several points, each point being of a distinct form.

JAPANESE VARIETIES.



LIFE "UNDER THE DUMPS" IN NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 747.]

GREECE AND PHILIPPOPOLIS.

The rise of a new Greece is an event unequalled in history; nowhere has a race so fallen and apparently lost forever sprung so suddenly into a fresh and buoyant existence. Sixty years ago the narrow land recovered its independence; it was the first of the subject states of the west to throw off the yoke of the hated Turk. But it rose among the nations a bleeding spectre, wounded in every limb. The horrible outrages of the Turks had more than decimated its people, and spread slaughter and ruin from Thessaly to Sparta. It is said that all over the Morea, once the renowned Peloponnesus, the seat of Argos and Laconia, not a house was left standing. The wandering inhabitants escaped from their destroyers to the caves and forests. Above the isthmus Athens was a waste, Attica a desert; a scanty population of half-savage warriors and corsairs occupied the shores and islands of Greece, and clung, almost without hope, to the land and the language of their ancestors.

In sixty years the nation has revived, and the Greek race, in all its mental activity, has become once more the ruling spirit of the East. Athens, once a desolate waste, is a city almost as populous as in the days of Pericles. The Greek language is renewed in much of its ancient purity. The university of Athens sends forth its accomplished scholars into all the Eastern cities, the passion of the Greeks for knowledge has once more revived in all its ancient vigor, and Athens is again a centre of education and taste. Greek merchants engross much of the commerce of the Levant. The old spirit of Miletus and of Corinth has returned, and colonies of Greek traders are found scattered over the world, from Sinope and Odessa to London and New York. In agriculture and in the means of internal communication Greece is still deficient. Its debt is still large, and its resources were never great. It is still a small country, protected by the treaties of western Europe. But its real weight in the affairs of the East is far greater than its apparent weakness would indicate. The acuteness and intelligence of the Greek have been felt in all the revolutions that for sixty years have shorn away one by one its finest provinces from western Turkey.

The recent events at Philippopolis have awakened anew the restless ambition of the Greeks. They are conscious of their secret power. They know that their intelligent emissaries pervade all the Turkish cities. The Greek merchants from Janina and Constantinople have long been accustomed to educate their children at the schools of Athens. All Macedonia is ruled by intelligent Greeks. Seventy years ago Lenormant pointed out the singular ascendancy Greek intellect was obtaining in the Levant, and almost foretold the later fate of Turkey. Athens is once more in arms. The Greek politicians are eager to extend their frontier over Epirus and Macedon. Already in fancy they see Constantinople restored to the Greek race, the Turkish Empire converted into a Greek Empire or Republic, and the Ionian cities once more in league with Athens. The transformation would not be difficult; it would be scarcely more wonderful than the rise of the new Greece from its utter desolation.

Between America and Greece there is a natural union. We have borrowed the political ideas of its statesmen, and made them flourish again in the New World. It was to Greece and Rome that our ancestors turned for instruction in their own struggle to be free. When the Greeks rose in revolt against their tyrants, Webster and Clay hailed their resurrection with classic eloquence, and Halleck sang their heroic deeds. The scholar rejoiced in their victories, and the poet in the revival of the land of song. It is impossible to estimate too highly the beneficent results of the Greek revolution of 1824 on modern thought. The Parthenon shines down upon us once more, the genius of architecture, saved from its destroyers. The poppies of Marathon redden its sacred field. Olympia is explored. The museums of Athens and of Europe are filled with the remains of Greek art. Tiryns and Mycenæ give up their secrets. Greece is once more a teacher and guide.

But with its warlike spirit we have less sympathy. The passion for war and conquest has become odious to the higher impulses of knowledge. Men can no longer read without disgust the plundering campaigns of Napoleons and Alexanders, and hence we watch with pain the waste of time and money that attends each new rising in Greece. What the country wants is roads, telegraphs, manufactures, and a new agriculture. Greece may well wait a few years for Constantinople, and even Thrace and Macedon.

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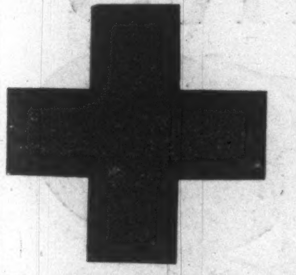

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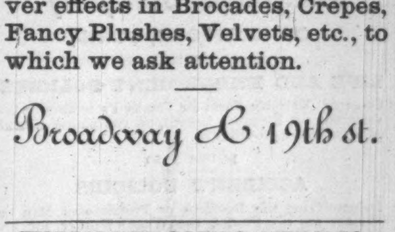

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